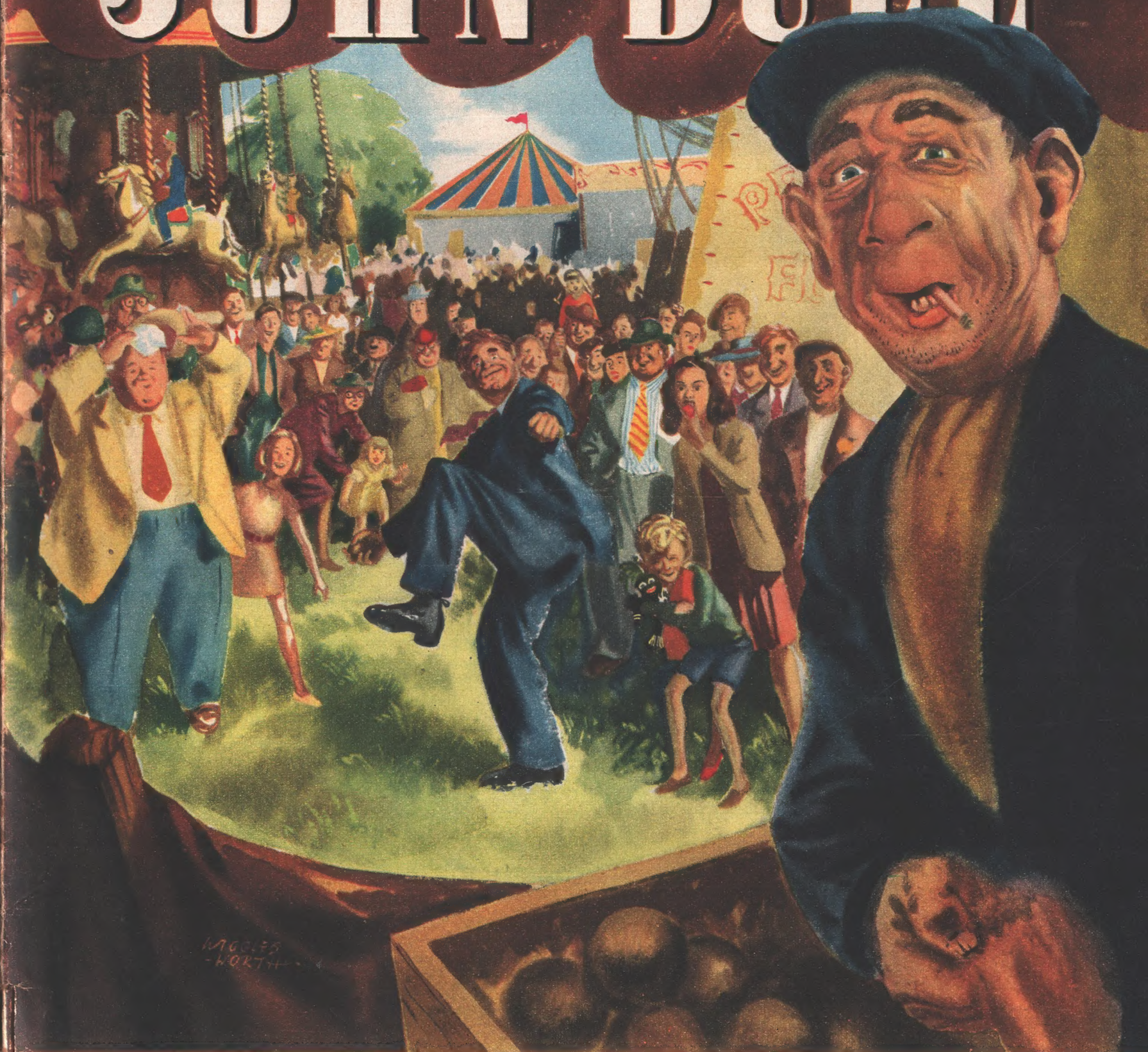
Week ending May 24 1947 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



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by Hubert Cole

see centre pages

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MAY 24, 1947 VOL. 81 NO. 2134

Give Them Security

A BIG CONTRIBUTION to our fresh food supplies is made by allotment holders. They deserve every encouragement. They do not get it, in spite of the efforts of the National Allotment Society.

A new official outlook is needed. Too many local authorities—to say nothing of the central Government—look on allotments as a harmless use of "waste" ground until it can be used for something else. That is all wrong.

The poor man's allotment should be taken just as seriously as the better-off man's garden. In every community there should be ample space set aside in perpetuity for allotments.

In that space, the allotment holder should everywhere have the same security of tenure as the tenant of a house with which goes a cultivable garden.

Why should a man break his back to till a plot which he may lose at short notice, perhaps with standing crops on it?

Mr. Williams, the Minister of Agriculture, quite rightly points out that land needed for housing cannot always be retained as allotments. All the more reason, then, to set aside in every town plan land for allotments which in all probability will never be required for building.

Another trouble on the allotments is pilfering. Better fencing, more police protection and heavier penalties will go far to deal with this.

Meanwhile, a step in the right direction has already been taken—fruit may now be grown on permanent allotments, as well as vegetables.

And when Mr. Williams attends, as he has promised, the annual conference of the National Allotment Society, they will no doubt give him some more good ideas.

Over to Margate

THERE IS NO REST FROM POLITICS for our politicians this Whitsun weekend. Although Parliament is on holiday, most of the Labour M.P.s will go to Margate for the Labour Party's conference.

This is the annual occasion when the rank and file of the Party can say exactly what they think. It is a frank showdown which can make and unmake policy, plans—and even personalities.

The Margate meeting is vital to everyone in Britain, of whatever political party. Decisions taken there will largely decide how Attlee and the Cabinet handle some of the country's most pressing problems.

The Conservatives watch Margate as anxiously as anyone because they are already planning their campaign for the next General Election. Their own policy statement, recently issued, shows that they have adopted a surprising amount of Liberal and even Socialist practice. Clearly, they are now concerned with the way in which the Left-wing winds are blowing. They received a sharp disappointment at the Jarrow by-election, where the Labour record of unbroken success was maintained. So the new Tory programme, as well as the present Labour programme, may easily be affected by Margate.

But the ordinary man is much less worried about party programmes, and much more concerned with the grave issues now facing the country in both domestic and foreign policy. These issues will be freely discussed at Margate and if, as a result, the Government's plans to grapple with them are strengthened and clarified, then the whole nation will gain. And the whole nation—not just one political party—must pray that all the brains, all the energy, all the devotion of the men at Margate will be directed to that aim.

Ban the Block-Busters

A CLEAR DIRECTION to the fighting Services on the use of land for training becomes ever more necessary and urgent.

It is no longer only a question of whether beauty spots shall be annexed for military use. It is a question of the safety of life and property.

This spring has seen a renewal of manoeuvres and exercises, often by the combined Services. These have already made it clear that modern military training is too dangerous and drastic to take place in or near inhabited districts.

Salisbury Plain was perhaps big enough for manoeuvres in the old days of horse cavalry, blank cartridges and no aircraft. But a recent exercise in which block-buster bombs were among the explosives used made life terrifying and intolerable for nearby Wiltshire villagers. Similar complaints came from the Yorkshire coast, and there will certainly be other bad cases during the summer.

Modern weapons, it is now obvious, need new training grounds altogether. England and Wales are not big enough for them and for a dense civilian population.

The Services must be told to face this fact and make new plans altogether. It is to be hoped that the Hobhouse Committee, now about to report on the Services' land claims, has not confined itself to questions of amenity, but has also set its face against the noise and peril of war rehearsals in our midst.

We sympathize with the Service chiefs' difficulties, which are increased by the reduction of the conscription period from eighteen months to a year. But they must overcome these difficulties.

They can be allotted only the remotest and least populated areas of the British Isles for their 4,000-lb. bombs; and they will have to reconsider the scale of training in Germany and elsewhere overseas.

"Enuf," Mr. Shaw

JUST SHORT OF HIS ninety-first birthday, George Bernard Shaw is at it again. He is campaigning among Members of Parliament and other public men for his pet plan—simplified spelling of the English language. His argument is that it would save a lot of time, and that, in fact, we cannot afford to go on spelling words such as "enough" like that when we could instead write "enuf."

Please, Mr. Shaw, leave our spelling alone! If your plan were adopted (and you have great authority and influence) it would make nonsense of our literature, muddle the minds of schoolchildren for evermore, and start so many arguments that no one would have time for anything else. We have better things to do.

Making radio history

Mock-modesty is only a form of conceit, so let's be honest and say that the A104 has caused a sensation in the radio world. There are three chief reasons: its unusual but beautiful appearance; the outstanding quality of reproduction; and the ingenious 'magnified scale' method of making Short Wave Tuning accurate and easy. We are trying very hard to catch up with the flow of orders for this model.

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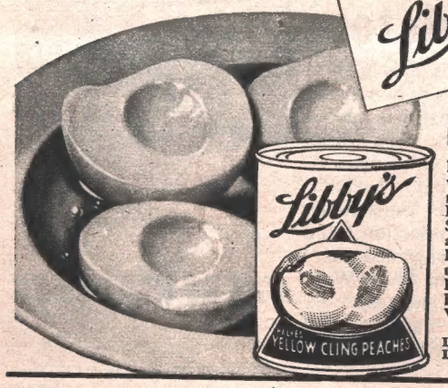
FOR CANNED PEACHES . . . LOOK TO



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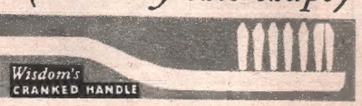

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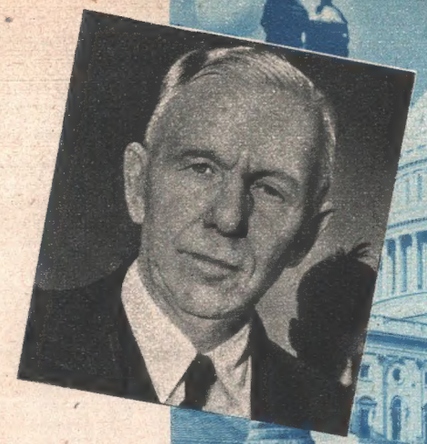
Only in 12 oz tins

We must snap out of the "PHONEY" PEACE

by CLAUD MORRIS

The world that we all dreamed of is being split into two unnatural halves—America on one side, Russia on the other, Britain somewhere in between. What's the answer?



GEORGE MARSHALL, for U.S.A.
"Memory like an addometer"

ERNEST BEVIN, for Britain.
"Broad-browed, formidable"

V. M. MOLOTOV, for U.S.S.R.
"Looks pleasantly bumptious"

I HAD DRIVEN FAST. I knew it. And the road was wet. The lorry had come out of the Doncaster road, lumbering like a heavy-weight.

What does an accident look like before it happens? Is it the applying of brakes, the screech of tyres against the tarmac, the sudden lurch of the wheel—the frightening picture of your little piece of steel on wheels careering at 300 feet a second against a huge, immovable object?

No. As I pulled out of my spin I knew it was the little things. An accident before it happens is a dozen, tiny, disjointed things: the last beer in the pub with a friend, the feeling of sleepiness in the mind, the gently pressed accelerator at the last crossing, the feeling of false confidence.

It is one fatal, last thing. It is the failure to remember you have no control over the fellow in the other driving seat.

That Helpless Feeling

A war before it happens is not much different. It's not the moving armies, the propellers at Biggin Hill turning over like scores of tiny windmills. It's the little things, the careless drift of apathetic peoples, the sleepiness of mind, the false confidence.

And the failure of one nation to remember that it has no control over what people do in another.

All week I had been across the Midlands and up to Manchester. Everywhere the picture had a sameness about it. The people of Britain, gradually feeling helpless. The weariness of ordinary men as they read a morning paper.

Are we drifting towards a major accident on the international highway. Are we on the road to war again?

Every conference becomes an exhibition of faint hearts and cold hands. Four countries dispute control of Germany. Greece in tumult. China divided. International control of atomic energy the unmentionable subject which leaves politicians teetering together on the brink of insanity.

Russia wants to expand because she wants to protect herself. America wants to put a padlock around Moscow like a young man anxious to chain up his fiancee before she double-crosses him.

To send U.N.O. statesmen scurrying to their files in panic, it seems only necessary for a handful of Slavs to stand across the street, stick out their tongues and make threatening noises.

The face is familiar. Where did we see this world before?

It was during the nightmare of the years 1935 to 1939, before Europe blew up. We said it would never happen again.

Fourteen million unemployed soldiers, all over everywhere, were notified a couple of years ago to get other jobs. No use waiting around.

Today the "Terriers" are recruiting, the Army is crying out, the Air Force wails for lost mechanics. "Come Back to the Service" posters hit a man between the eyes and make him think somebody has misjudged the speed of peace on earth.

The outstanding headache of any ordinary man with a head to use today is the almost fatalistic manner in which the international situation drifts towards a division between two gigantic power groups, the Russians and the Yanks, with this country somewhere between the Devil and the dollar sign.

On the one side you have the Americans, good fellows. But they seem to think an atom bomb can travel only one way. On the other side you have the Russians, good fellows. But so tough and tight it looks as though you'd have to take words out of their mouths with a fork. And in the middle you have Britain, like a mother assuring her kids that lightning can't hit a house in a thunderstorm.

Marshall for America, sixty-six, with a memory like an addometer. Molotov for Russia, looking pleasantly bumptious like a Cheltenham schoolmaster. Bevin for Britain, wide-legged, broad-browed, formidable.

Look at them in their off moments, not when the glare of the flash camera freezes their faces. Benign-looking men, pink complexions, and smiles women are apt to call sweet. None of them would have much trouble gaining the confidence of acquisitive children.

What do they talk about when they meet? Listen at a conference table and there is a kind of rhythm in their words, the rhythm men develop from dealing much with big figures and refusing to get excited over little things.

The problems are endless. Germany, Greece, the Balkans, reparations, the Dardanelles. Add twenty-five columns of etceteras and you know you can't digest the peace pudding any more than they can.

What People Want

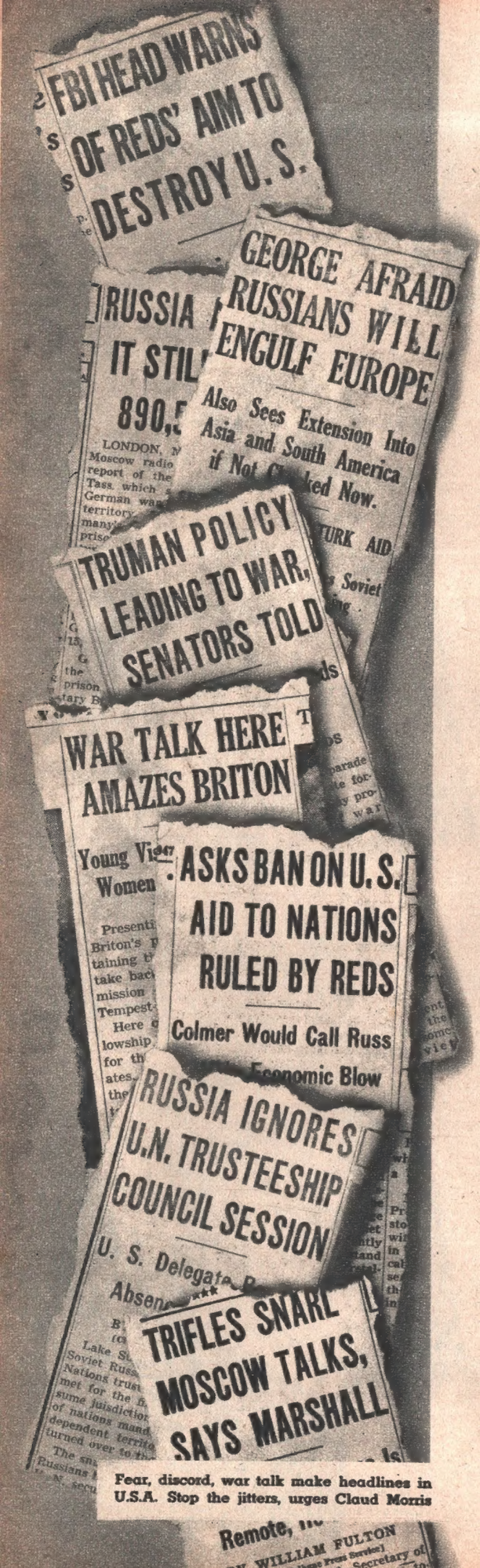
These Big Men are today so involved in detail they are liable to forget what the ordinary people want them to do—to keep nations alive, happy and solvent.

Imagine Molotov, for instance, settling Russia's little worry about bases along the narrow straits which connect the Mediterranean and Black Seas. He says these straits should be controlled by Black Sea Powers. He is angry because at Yalta and Potsdam both the Americans and the British turned him down and still keep saying no.

Marshall, who has a different set of Marquess-of-Queensberry rules, says that if Russia ever gets control of these straits—the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus — Russian expansionists might be tempted to sweep on through the Middle East. If that should happen, then the whole postwar structure, now painfully being pieced together, would be swept to pieces.

So what is American policy? To interpret Mr. Truman: A firm stand against any Russian expansion whenever we have sound reasons and the power to do so.

Policy begins at a conference table and is some-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RUSSIA IGNORES U.N. TRUSTEESHIP COUNCIL SESSION
TRIFLES SNARL MOSCOW TALKS, SAYS MARSHALL
BY WILLIAM FULTON

Fear, discord, war talk make headlines in U.S.A. Stop the jitters, urges Claud Morris

times gently assisted by a smoke screen of movement, perhaps a battleship, perhaps a division; perhaps a squadron.

Not long ago the U.S. battleship *Missouri* anchored in a Turkish bay, flags flying, on a good-will trip. A week later Soviet troops did a friendly exercise within shouting distance of Turkish frontier guards. A week later Bevin had friendly, interested inquiries from both Marshall and Molotov about the future of Cyprus, Britain's little aircraft carrier of an island, two hours' flying time by Wellington bomber from Ankara.

And the Turks, who never joined in the last war anyway, announced a standing army 600,000 strong, doing peacetime exercises, thumping out good leather on the barrack squares.

What do you make of it? Go along to the Russian Embassy, and the man there looks as though he is about to put his head in a bath towel and swallow six ice cubes. Look here, he says, time and again Russia has been attacked through these Dardanelles. Britain and America have bases all over the Middle East. Why shouldn't we get bases on our own back door?

You might say he's right. What do America and Britain say? "No nation should expand at the expense of Turkey." Is that right, too?

Three conflicting parties, all right. And if everybody felt righteous enough about it, for long enough, you could—you could just—make it a reason for war some day.

What's the common denominator of the situation? Fear.

And in the background millions of ordinary people, you and I, Russians, Americans, Britons. People, faintly disturbed at the inevitability of a bust-up. The same people who were once scared of Hitler. Now the page turns, and many a man's heart is making loud noises inside his chest about Stalin.

As an example, take America. Every literate nerve between New York and San Francisco is jumping with war talk. The chatter gathers momentum like a snowball, and the reasons for it are obscured in a mass of wordy verbiage and the cries of the newspaper columnists. In a recent batch of American papers I found sixty per cent of the editorials suggesting that now is not too soon to tackle the Russian bear. Tackle him, circle him, tie him up.

Mr. Truman is enjoying a new wave of American popularity because he advocates and carries out a "realistic policy" of encircling Russia. No appeasement. No, mister, the bear has already done some nasty things.

Didn't End with Hitler

Remove the Russian bear? The Swiss journalist from the Zurich *Zeitung* smiled at me. "You removed Hitler. But removing Hitler didn't remove war. You shoot the German eagle from off the top branch of the tree, where she's sitting pretty. And then about a year later you realize that behind the tree is this big, fat, rather non-co-operative Russian bear.

"Get rid of him—then no doubt you find in the long grass a snake of peculiar origin. It might be that Italy, as they already say, is growing another Mussolini. It might be—but your guess is as good as mine."

The Frenchman smiled too. "If the whole of Russia were to disappear in some holy cloud up to heaven—preferably without loss of life—you would still have enough problems to keep Ernest Bevin tossing in bed about the next war."

But what about the United Nations Organization, the store that's supposed to buy the world's troubles and put them on the counter for solution?

At U.N.O. everybody comes—the Uruguayans, the Danes, the Chileans and the Dutch. To the uninitiated the music they make is loud. But they don't call the tune.

The man who works at the London office says they can do little until Molotov, Marshall and Bevin fix between themselves the lines of quarantine for a new world.

"We all of us here feel as though we are suffering from frustration, like fishes trying to swim in a bowl of glue," he says.

We want to know *why* U.N.O. cannot play its full part in peace-building. If U.N.O. is not to become a piece of unhappy window-dressing, it had better be put to work.

Fear is the only tangible factor in the world set-up today. On my desk is an American advertisement announcing a new book. On two double pages the words ring out in big black type, the title of a forthcoming best-seller: *World Aflame; Our 1950 War Against Russia.*

Here are some of the things that happen inside this book. Chicago, New York, Pittsburg and Washington are in ruins. Fifty million Americans have been killed. The atom bomb has been used by both sides. England has surrendered. Fantastic—but typical of the hot-blooded rumour stories circulating in the United States today.

Fear. Early in this last war I discovered that men are not afraid of war—men are afraid of fear.

What do these Americans fear? Is it world Communism, filtering first into the minds of men and then followed up by marching boots? What do these Russians fear? Is it that they're afraid the American fear of Communism will one day lead the Yanks to make something more than an encircling squeeze around the bear's belly?

Unless we tackle this fear, now riding high on a wave of resentment and loneliness, the squeeze may end by a few frightened men using their fists.

The Stake is Survival

Face it out. Face the words and face the facts. The stake is nothing less than the survival of everybody, everywhere.

Would you like to fight the Russians? Not I. Would you like to fight the Americans? Two-thirds of my own family are American citizens, Cornishmen who once went there to find an emigrant's job.

I have a friend, Theo, who has a private portfolio of photographs taken with a little Kodak camera at Hiroshima. Photographs JOHN BULL couldn't print. Men maimed, disfigured, scorched.

He says: "War in Henry V's time was a fatal form of archery. Now it's a fatal form of advanced chemistry which makes grotesque disfigurements on the human body."

When did they say the next rocket leaves for the moon? No, you can't escape, sir. There's no turning the page.

Remember Wendell Willkie? One world, said he.

One world. From here where I sit in Cornwall I can see the long, slow breathing of the surf. A flight of gulls wheel in, circle in curiosity, then begin dropping to the beach.

The world we dreamed of, our private dreams packed in Army trunks from 'thirty-nine to 'forty-five. And here this world is now again being split into two unnatural halves, each out to murder the other. That is what is happening.

To sum up:

In the United States of America the ordinary man, hypnotized by hundreds of newspapers and radio columnists, is frankly jittery about war with Russia. The same winds, the same cold, the same neuralgia attack us in Britain.

U.N.O. is being by-passed. And Russia sits like a hedgehog with her prickles bristling.

War before it comes looks like an accident before it happens. The little things—the sleepiness of mind and apathy, the quiet, deadening emotions of the half-confident driver at the wheel. And the failure to remember you have no control over the other fellow.

It is time we faced the facts. It is time we stopped jittering, stopped looking the other way. We too easily become the prey of negativism and defeatism. Cut out the war talk and start some *peace* talk.

What we want today is not so much a high order of intelligence as a high order of courage.

In a further article, Claud Morris will discuss the question: "What Can the Ordinary Man Do?"

CRISIS-PERIOD BANK HOLIDAYS • THE STRIKE WEAPON • LOYALTY TO A NATION • FAVOURITE CITIES

—These are the subjects, put to him by John Bull readers, on which J. B. Priestley makes his stimulating comments this week

Priestley's Page

Q. "Are Bank Holidays necessary now that most people have a five-day week? And should we not stop them during the present economic crisis?"

IT is rather difficult for me to discuss the subject of public holidays, simply because for the last twenty-five years I have been a professional writer and my working times and holidays are quite different from most people's.

But even before the first World War, when I worked for a time in an office (long hours, too), I never cared much for Bank Holidays, although conditions of travel and so on were far easier then than they are now.

In present conditions, with people having to queue for transport and food and so forth, these general public holidays, releasing everybody at once and so vastly increasing the demand, and all the queueing, strike me as being far more bother than they are worth. (But do not forget what I said above—about being a professional writer.)

All rush holiday periods seem to me a nightmare, and I find it hard to understand what enjoyment people get out of them, especially people with families.

Quite apart from any consideration of our present economic crisis, and looking at the question simply from the point of view of people's pleasure, I would have thought that while we are still short of transport, lodgings, food, and facilities for amusement and recreation, holidays should be staggered as much as possible, and big mad rushes, all at one weekend, should be avoided.

This does not apply to Christmas, of course, and a strong case, on religious grounds, could be made out for Good Friday.

But a five-day week, plus staggered holidays, would seem to make Whit Monday and August Bank Holiday quite unnecessary.

Q. "Many people are worried by the epidemic of wilful and apparently unreasonable strikes. Is this a sign that 'control of industry by workers' is really getting out of hand?"

FIRST, I must say that I have always taken the view that men never strike for trivial reasons, and that before condemning any strike it is necessary to know all the circumstances that led up to it.

Thus, many people condemn strikes when they know little about these circumstances and have merely read brief and biased accounts in the Press.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt whatever that disputes which ought to have been settled long before there was any question of men striking are now beginning to produce appallingly wasteful stoppages when we can least afford them.

Staleness, irritation, bad temper have obviously played a part in many recent strikes, on both sides of the question. But it looks, too, as if the machinery of arbitration is functioning badly, and as if the present position of the trade unions, trying to straddle between their members and the Labour Government, is itself creating a dangerous tension.

But I will freely confess that I do not know enough about present conditions in industry and the inner working of the trade unions to answer this question properly. I hope, however, before the year is out, to try to remove some of this ignorance of mine.

Q. "The natural loyalties are to one's family (blood ties) and to one's fellow men (human ties). The emphasis, though, is always on man's loyalty to a nation. Is this not artificial?"

A WHOLE sphere of loyalties lies between those to the family and those to the whole human race, and it is a very great mistake to ignore it.

Nearly all men and women feel an intense loyalty towards their *region*, the part of the world in which they grew up, with its particular countryside, language, habits, traditions. This is, in my opinion, a natural loyalty, and is different from nationalism, which is largely an artificial creation.

In a small country there is little difference between the region and the nation; but in large countries I think the real loyalty is to the region.

And the time may come soon, as we move towards a world government, when it is the region and not the nation-state that will be important, when local government will be essentially regional and not national, and patriotism will really be a strong regional feeling, which is, among other things, of great cultural significance.

You can *love* a region almost as you can love a person, and this deep affection is of the utmost value to men.

On the other hand, nationalism has always had, to my mind, a rather artificial, worked-up air about it, and is usually, of course, deliberately pumped into children at school, and it is often boosted by much official propaganda.

Q. "You have travelled a great deal. Which are your favourite cities?"

THERE are, of course, many famous cities I have never seen—for example, Budapest, Constantinople, Damascus, Jerusalem, Bombay, Peking, Shanghai, Buenos Aires, Rio, Mexico City, Sydney, Capetown.

My favourite city in Southern Europe is perhaps Florence, because I like its position, its size, its art and its atmosphere.

In Middle Europe, my preference is for Prague, for its situation and enchanting old buildings. In Northern Europe, my vote would be for Stockholm, for its position, size, new and old buildings; and also for Leningrad, my favourite among the Russian cities, because it has enormous charm.

If I had to live in an American city I think I would choose San Francisco because I like its position, its size, its people and atmosphere. New York is too crowded and noisy, Chicago too grim, and Los Angeles too sprawling and featureless.

Returning to Europe, I admire Paris but it is not one of my favourites, for I always find it too spread-out, with difficult transport, and it never seems to me really friendly to visitors. I like the people and the atmosphere of Vienna, but the city itself does not seem to me very attractive, though, of course, I never saw it in its great days.

And now for home. I admire Edinburgh but would rather live in Glasgow. Disregarding my own West Riding cities, to which I have a sentimental attachment, I would probably put Bristol at the head of my list of English provincial cities, because it is a pleasant mixture of new and old, has atmosphere and a good civic spirit.

I have actually spent more of my life in London than in any other city, and very early I developed a great affection for it. But recently, dating, I think, from about 1943, I have liked London less than I used to do, chiefly, I fancy, because so much of it is beginning to look like the shabbier part of some American city. Much of the old charm of the West End, I am afraid, has gone for good.

*** If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests or appeals, please

Private View of Queen Mary

REMARKABLE GRANDMOTHER

WHEN A WOMAN gets to be eighty years old (which Queen Mary, the Queen-Mother, will be on May 26) she is expected to sit closer to the fire than most, to gad about very little indeed, to wear powerful glasses and eat saps as a main item of diet.

She may also be expected to have a shortened temper, dislike the noise of youngsters scampering through the house, hate the radio, abominate modern music and think the theatre a thin shadow of what it used to be.

Queen Mary is a blunt denial of all these taken-for-granted assumptions.

She is probably one of the fittest women of her age. She never misses a good exhibition, particularly if it is to do with the home. She very rarely wears glasses in public and does not have any great need of them when she is at home, except for fine needlework and reading small print.

Her appetite is hearty indeed, and her favourite dish is, as it has been for the best part of her long, long life, roast beef and baked potatoes with Yorkshire pudding.

Her temper has not altered noticeably over the years; it was always a bit short, anyway. Children around the house are by no means a trial; like any other indulgent grandmother she tends to spoil them a bit and supplement their sweet ration with her own.

She listens to the radio, and enjoys it—Itma and all. Benjamin Britten, the first major composer this country has thrown up for more than a decade, gets high praise from her and she thinks, with most other competent judges, that he will go a long way indeed. As to the theatre, you can't keep her away from it for long.

She went to seventeen plays in five weeks just before the war, but has never since equalled that record. In recent months she has seen *The Eagle Has Two Heads, Murder in the Cathedral, Vanity Fair, The Alchemist, The Gleam, The Dancing Years, The Man from the Ministry, Born Yesterday, Jane, Power Without Glory* and the play on juvenile delinquency, *Pick-up Girl*, which drew the comment, "I haven't enjoyed a play so much for years."

In between seeing these she has sandwiched perhaps a dozen visits to the cinema, often as patroness at a premiere in charity's cause.

Her doctors let her go her own sweet way, merely advising her, from time to time, not to overtax her strength.

But, as one physician said recently, "She has a magnificent constitution and really is an extremely strong and healthy woman far beyond what one might reasonably ask for at nearly eighty."

CHAIN-SMOKING, gallant old Keir Hardie brilliantly summed up the real Queen Mary. "When that woman laughs, she does laugh, and not make a contortion like so many royalties." He was right then; and hers is still a real laugh, deep and full.

Those whose job it has been to attend upon Queen Mary are inclined to have a speculative and reminiscent look in the eye when speaking of her. She works them hard, really physically hard. During the war, when the Queen-Mother was staying at Badminton, the Gloucester home of the Duke of Beaufort, she organized her attendants into sawing and cutting wood. This chore was no sinecure under the brilliant, unusually blue eyes of the "foreman," who would not be above handing out a sharp prod with the business end of one of her famous parasols as a reminder that there was a war on.

These parasols and her toques are almost her trademark. The parasols, made by a hundred-year-old firm in St. James's, are of unusual length—thirty-nine inches. She prefers them in light colours, mostly pink or blue, which are matched up with the extensive selection of handles she keeps; many of these are heavily jewelled, and some were made by the famous Russian court jeweller, Faberge, of St. Petersburg.

She was using one of the most lovely of her parasols when she came upon a rest camp for homeless blitzed mothers and children in a wood near Bristol during the war. The encounter has been reported as a genuine accident. Anyway, the place was in no shape to please her. The hut was too hot and the larder had too many flies about it for her liking. The surrounding undergrowth was far too thick; it ought to be cleared away so that a woman might sit in the shade of the trees in comfort.

Action was forthcoming. Two soldiers with rakes set about the undergrowth, aided by a swarm of children—and the clearly pointing parasol. Carpenters were sent for to fix the larder.

It was the sort of human, neighbourly thing that made people remember, and respect, her.

She *likes* people to remember her. She found, when transport was short and most of the main country roads had their quota of Servicemen and women trudging off on leave, or back to camp, that she was constantly stopping and giving lifts. "Get some medallions made," she said. "Put a royal crown and my monogram M.R. on one side and 'Good Luck' on the other."

Thereafter hitch-hikers catching a ride in Queen Mary's Daimler also got a medallion as a memento. It was a neat point.

THIS year's British Industries Fair marked her thirty-ninth visit. Those who accompany her are never likely to forget it—their feet won't let them; her current record is sixty-four stands in two and a half hours, which is good going by anybody's standards and likely to remain unbeaten.

Her home, these days, is Marlborough House, a 200-roomed affair next door to St. James's Palace. This has five acres of gardens and is legally the property of the Heir Apparent. Moving there from Buckingham Palace was no great hardship for Queen Mary; she had lived in it during her nine years as Princess of Wales in King Edward VII's reign.

Here, at precisely 8.30 o'clock each morning, she takes breakfast (preferring coffee to tea), finishes at 9.30 and deals then with her correspondence until 1.15 p.m., when everything stops for lunch. The Daimler is always ordered for 2.30 p.m. The evening meal is at 7.30, and if she is not going out and has no visitors the odds are that she will read, or be read to by a lady-in-waiting. She enjoys being read to.

Every other Sunday she attends morning service at St. Michael's in Chester Square, where Canon Gillingham preaches, and which the Rev. W. H. Elliott made famous as the "broadcast church," arriving precisely five minutes before the service begins and sitting in the front pew on the left of the aisle facing the lectern. She doesn't have a pew of her own there, simply taking the available seat.

SO far there is no slackening of the routine she sets herself. It goes on and on and on with smooth and unfaltering precision. She is tough, she is precise.

Her memory is first-rate. She knows more about the 6,000 paintings in Buckingham Palace than any other single member of her family, and knows the origin of every piece in her own considerable art collection.

Her enjoyment of life is tremendous. She still has the pictures changed frequently in the rooms she uses most, claiming that this gives the rooms an air of freshness stimulating to health.

She can still produce the rough edge of her tongue when necessary—and she is still a person of the greatest authority in her family circle.

She is, in fact, still a very remarkable woman.

JOHN COTTON

REVIVAL—can it happen today?

Wesley roused the people of eighteenth-century Britain (picture left). His methods would fail today. Can his modern counterparts succeed with theirs? Above: Leaders of the Christian Commando Campaign: Rev. H. J. Lewis, Sir Harold Mackintosh, Rev. C. A. Roberts

by the Rev. W. E. PURCELL

The ordinary man is ready, as he has not been for years, to seek a faith he can accept in this age of doubt. But there is something missing today

A SOUTHWARK PUB has sent a delegation to the Cathedral. The purpose: to ask for a monthly question-and-answer meeting in the bar—on religion.

The motive: "I'm fed up," said the licensee, "with the constant, unanswered criticisms of religion that I hear every week among my customers." The cause of the delegation's call: a visit to this "local" from a team of men and women working in the Christian Commando Campaign—biggest effort of its kind seen in Britain for a long time.

Yet campaigns of religious revival were once frequent. When Moody, who had been a clerk in a boot store, crossed the Atlantic with Sankey, our grandparents crowded to hear this famous "all talking, all singing" combination.

Prophets—a Rare Type Now

The fact is that these two came to a Britain already possessed of a strong tradition of revivalism. Some attempts at revival—emotional extravaganzas without lasting effect—have long been forgotten. Others were large-scale endeavours involving heroic personalities over many years. And they had effects enduring to this day.

Two of them at least have left their mark upon our history. Both involved figures of a type rarely come across today—the prophet.

One of these prophets began in Nottingham a hundred years ago—a tough place where the tragedy of the really poor stood out a mile. And in few places could that tragedy be better seen than under the sign of the three balls. The fact that a haggard boy named William Booth took as his first job that of a pawnbroker's assistant had a good deal to do with the beginnings of one of the most dramatic revivals of all. That, and a visit to Nottingham by an American evangelist, James Caughey.

What Caughey said is forgotten. What he *was* gave the Nottingham boy who watched him an idea that developed to enormous proportions. Caughey "wore a black cloak, his voice was subdued, his preaching warmed slowly into heat and passion which communicated themselves with magnetic instantaneousness to his audience."

The Nottingham boy who heard Caughey founded, years later, the Salvation Army. He built it upon a basis of religious conviction plus social conscience, organizing ability and perhaps not a little of Caughey's inspired technique.

Plus matchless courage.

They Laughed at Booth

Booth attacked with the Bible what he saw in the pawnbroker's shop and what he found years later in London's terrifying East End. He was laughed at. But he had the dramatic power of inspiring ordinary, often very simple, people to prodigies of loyalty and devotion.

He went after the under-dog—the man "who might be down, but was never out." He battled for years as a tub-thumping evangelist, but before he died kings were receiving him in audience, and when he died his funeral stopped traffic in London.

His work has continued. His army's banners have covered the world. The bonnets and jerseys on street corners from Sydney to New York, the vast organization, represent a triumph of revival.

But if Booth were a young man in the Nottingham of 1947 instead of a hundred years ago, could he have gone on to that incredible success? A significant clue to the answer comes from the attitude of some of those who tried to stop Booth. *They* said the time for revivals was over. *They* said the job had been done.

Exactly the same kind of argument was used against the earlier of my two prophets. This was John Wesley. If newsreels had been invented in his time we should be able to see him as the miners of Bristol saw him: a little, mild-mannered parson of uncanny power. The film would undoubtedly show him on a horse, or talking.

The spirit of this pioneer lives on. Trotting sedately along the bridle paths of that older Britain, Wesley did more than any man in his time to lead the British people's earliest bids for industrial supremacy to a new, self-respecting citizenship founded upon personal conviction.

If Britain ever ceases to be a first-class power the work of her prophets, men like these—there have been others, and no Church has a monopoly of them—will have ensured her enduring fame on another count, that of having been the power house of some of the world's greatest religious revivals.

But the question persists: could they have done it—can a successor of theirs do it—in 1947?

It is as difficult to imagine Wesley in a saloon car as it is to see Booth behind a microphone. Let's see what conditions they had to work in.

Present, without a doubt, was a feeling of dissatisfaction with things as they were, necessary before people could be interested in things as they might be. Wesley and Booth both could talk to people who saw a question mark over the future. An odd-shaped cloud over Bikini has recreated that condition for us.

So has the economic blizzard already beginning to uproot the familiar landmarks of the past.

Material Incentives Not Enough

"Material incentives," runs a remarkable manifesto issued recently within the shadow of the production crisis by the Parliamentary Socialist Christian Group (fifty Labour Members signed it, including four Ministers), "will be futile unless extra effort is inspired by a spiritual and social dynamic more intense than any in our recent experience."

This was put in a much simpler way by a speaker from the steps outside St. Paul's during the launching of the Commando Campaign. "People who do not understand dogs might say that the first thing a dog needs is a bone. They would be wrong, because the very first thing a dog needs is a master. The human race is in equal need of a master. That master is God."

Booth would have recognized that kind of plain talk. Experience has shown that straight statements like it are listened to only when people are beginning to suspect from their own everyday experience that they might be perfectly true. Many are feeling that way today.

But what's missing now is the general feeling that

THE FOOD DEADLOCK

What John Bull Readers Think

JOHN BULL's campaign to break the food deadlock—to end the muddle in distribution, close the gap between the grower and the buyer, and give priority in men and machinery to the home food front—opened with a series of four articles by Claud Morris. Here, in extracts from some of the many letters commenting on these articles, are the first reactions of readers.

THANK YOU, JOHN BULL, for Claud Morris's articles. It is indeed high time the food scandal was brought home to the Government, who seem to be unaware of the bitterness the present situation is causing.

None of us minds having to do without so-called luxuries. But when cabbages cost 2s. a pound, a small cauliflower 2s. 6d., and potatoes go "under the counter," the patience of the British public is stretched too far.

In the case of families with children the situation is little short of a catastrophe, for they *must* have fresh greens daily. I, for one, have had to draw on my savings to meet my wife's rocketing housekeeping expenses.—L. WHARTON, 5 Handel Street, London, W.C.1.

Who's Going to Stop It?

YES, OF COURSE the wholesaler is running a "conditions of sale" racket—making the shopkeeper buy uncontrolled greenstuffs at exorbitant prices in order to get his quota of the controlled vegetables.

But who is going to stop it? Not the wholesaler, who is making a fortune. Not the shopkeeper, who loses his livelihood if he refuses to play ball. Unless the Government takes a firm hand, this racket will just go on and on.—S. N. KENT, King's Road, Lancing, Sussex.

Where Are the Volunteers?

SO THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY are very worried about food. And they complain of shortages and high prices. Then why don't they do something to help grow the food?

I see that it is almost impossible to book at the holiday camps this year; that the seaside resorts are full up; that thousands of Britons will go to the Continent.

I wonder how many have volunteered to take their holidays on the farms.—S. R. PALMER, 205 Bordesley Green East, Birmingham 9.

Better Fed . . .

MAY I EXPRESS MY HEARTFELT disapproval of your campaign? It is simply untrue to say that the food shortage is the most serious of all postwar troubles.

In our own case we have never spent one penny on the black market, or "wangled" any extra rations. We have friends in to supper practically every night of the week, and they have never gone away hungry. Our son, born in 1944, is a walking testimonial to the Government's food policy. And neither my wife nor myself has lost any weight.

It is an indisputable fact that the nation is today healthier than it has ever been. The upper ten thousand may not be able to get their seven-course luncheons, but the working population is better nourished than before 1939.—P. R. HUTCHINGS, 121 Redbridge Lane, Ilford.

. . . Worse Fed

FEW PEOPLE WILL AGREE with Claud Morris when he declares that the Food Minister is "statistically right" in saying that the people of Britain are as well fed as can be. The truth of the matter can be found in a book, *Towards a Socialist Agriculture*, recently published by the Fabian Society. It shows that in almost every staple article of diet the rations today are less than the quantities consumed by the poorest section of the population before the war.—A. G., Glasgow. (Name and address enclosed.)

Cart Before the Horse

CLAUD MORRIS MAY BE A fine farmer, but he puts the cart before the horse when he discusses national economics.

Instead of recruiting more farm labourers (presumably from the ranks of our few factory workers) he would do better to get more men off the farms and into industry, thus increasing our production for export and providing us with foreign credits to buy *cheap* food from overseas instead of *dear* food at home.

That is how this country built up its economic strength, and that is the only way it can rebuild it.—J. HOLLINS, Aylesbury Road, Bletchley, Bucks.

Crux of the Problem

GOOD FOR CLAUD MORRIS! He's made an important discovery in Bert, the small farmer—a little late, perhaps, but that can be excused by the soundness of his remedies for Bert's troubles.

The illustration of a ten per cent increase in food production and its saving in foreign currency should impress itself on every reader.

Claud Morris is also right when he implies that labour is the key to the problem, but we cannot have adequate labour forces without an adequate number of houses. Our food and economic outlook demands that the needs of farm workers shall become the top priority in the housing programme.

With regard to "hobby farmers" at the National Farmers' Union: this is Bert's union, and when Bert elects other Berts to represent him, he somehow expects them to clean their fingernails and to exhibit good manners. When they are on their farms their hands may be dirty. . . .—W. A. HILL, National Farmers' Union, 45 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

*** Claud Morris said: "You meet a man at an N.F.U. lunch . . . you realize his nails are too well kept. . . . He is a 'hobby farmer.'"—EDITOR.

Outside Meals

I WAS ASTONISHED to find one glaring omission from your series on the food problem. Why no mention of the plight of the people who really *do* live on their rations? I mean those who have no opportunity—or not enough cash—to take one or two meals a day outside their homes.

Make the coupon system compulsory in canteens and restaurants and there will soon be plenty of food—and calories—for everybody.—F. DENBIGH, Oak Hill, Totteridge, Herts.

★ ★ The writer of each letter printed above will ★ receive one guinea as an acknowledgment

Continued from previous page

religion can do anything about the troubles of our times. Neither Wesley nor Booth had to contend with anything like today's widespread indifference combined with a much greater knowledge among people generally of what is going on in the world.

Many years of mutual misunderstanding between Church and people are now having their effect. The gap between a majority of today's thinking and seeking citizens and the Christian bodies of their own land has grown terribly wide.

Meanwhile, there's a hopeful sign—the counter-offensive against today's indifference which is coming from the Churches themselves.

But where is the Booth? Where the golden-tongued Wesley? This is a vital point.

The record shows that, when a figure of this calibre comes along, indifference, hostility, scepticism react like dry grass to a flamethrower. Fascism tried to steal the thunder of sacred things by prostituting it for political purposes. But the true religious leader, the prophet on the heroic scale, has something not to be bought or imitated.

Whether this sort of religious revival can happen again may well depend upon this one single fact. We have the organizers. What we want now is that startling thing—the prophet.

Above all else people will always want to see at what point the appeal of any religious message connects with the problems of their daily lives.

True, the masses of the poor and destitute of Wesley's and Booth's day have gone. The more glaring social injustices are going. But a vast new class of outcasts remains. No longer a figure shadowed by the bridge-arches, but the modern product of an age of doubt, drifting along without purpose beneath the much greater shadows of the scientist's laboratory into an atomic age.

Overseas well-wishers say they feel something has begun to happen to our character. Have we lost touch, now that the war is past, with the traditional inspirations which used to maintain us?

The Nation's Morale

The vital link between the question of morale in our national efforts and the whole matter of whether religious revival can really come off is here: that a by-product of religious revival has always been a lasting super-morale in those revived.

We could certainly do with such a genuine, lasting boost now; something to make the individual a vital unit again, not because someone has given him a pep talk, but because a prophet has drawn back the clouds from everyday life and shown him the ramparts of heaven.

The re-creation in a modern form of such personal conviction—instead of today's drift—is an absolute necessity. It is the foundation of good citizenship, for those who don't stand for something will fall for anything. It is the only way in which a democracy *can* deal with the "couldn't care less, don't give a damn" type who is such a menace to a nation having to struggle for its standard of living as hard as Britain for years to come must do.

What people believe has a direct connection with what they are and do. Bringing that fact home won't be easy. An enormous "sales resistance" has been built up by years of indifference and counter-propaganda to almost any traditional presentation of religious truth.

Recent experiences, some successful, some not, of the Christian Commandos certainly suggest that even a Wesley or a Booth, using in 1947 the methods of their day, would not be likely to succeed.

But the Commandos have also discovered something else. A great mass of plain people are ready, as they have not been for many years, to give a break to anyone who seems to show a light in the dimness of the present. This is the great chance for revival, however quietly it comes.

Today the British citizen is once again seeking a new design for living, a faith he can understand, something on which to re-base the rugged foundations of his character.

Give him that. Give him the prophet to express it. And then this age of doubt and indifference may well yet see the greatest revival of them all.

JOHN BULL May 24 1947

GET OUT INTO THE BYWAYS

The best fun is not always to be found where crowds are biggest. There's a lot to be said for a voyage of discovery on foot or by water in out-of-the-way places

You get a fresh slant on Britain nosing along waterways in a canoe — relaxing, taking your own time

WHERE WILL YOU GO for your holiday this year? Eleven million more Britons than ever before have to answer this question in the coming summer months.

They can join the spade-and-pail brigade on the sands. They can enlist with the regimented funsters of the holiday camps. Or they can turn their backs on the crowds and set out to explore their own remoter Britain, the most beautiful countryside on earth.

I have never been one for the "prefabricated" holiday idea. Nor can I believe that thousands of young people who have adventured all over the world in uniform will now be content to sit in a deckchair or to go dancing. They have seen the Pyramids, perhaps, or the Arctic. They have fought in Burma, France, Germany, Italy. They have seen life in Canada, Australia, India. They have roamed the seas.

Do they know our rolling Downs? Have they seen our own lovely rivers and lakes, the gaunt islands and queer caves, the windswept mountains and moors of England and Scotland, Wales and Ireland?

When I first went holiday exploring years ago, the open air was not so highly organized as it is today. "Hiking" had not been invented, and there were few rural buses. But there was plenty of food in the shops and plenty of miles in my legs.

The only "railway concession" of those days that I can recall was the map of Britain which I tore from an old *A B C Guide*. It showed only the rail connections from town to town. As I was travelling by bicycle, this merely added to the uncertainty—and the fun.

Makes the Map Live

A home-made tent, waterproofed with candle-grease, was the only accommodation that suited my pocket. At night I crawled into a sleeping bag made of an old quilt. These two were a prodigious bundle for the back of the bike. I got the energy to propel it by living on endless bananas and fresh rolls, washed down with milk.

That's the sort of holiday that gives fresh meaning to geography. Towns and rivers come alive and arrange themselves logically in the mind. Vivid memory-pictures colour the place names.

I shall never forget helping to haul at a great net full of leaping mackerel on the seashore near Selsey Bill. Nor walking round the towering immensity of Stonehenge for the first time. Recalling the roadman's hut where I slept before a glowing brazier outside Yarmouth warms me still. There was poetry in seeing swans in flight down the Avon River at Stratford. And there was a parable in the shining daisy I stopped to pick in a meadow near Birmingham, with the disappointment I felt at finding it was only a sixpence glinting in the grass.

It is not absolutely necessary to travel the hard way. Wales, the North, and Scotland are bound to involve car or train for a Londoner with limited time.

Yet slower ways of getting about are better fun in themselves, and show the traveller more of the countryside. My mother and father had the holiday of their lives just before the war, doing only twenty miles a day. They travelled in a pony trap, with a spaniel for companionship. They stayed overnight at little inns in Essex, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire and Hertfordshire. Mangers that had not held oats or hay for years often had to be cleared of bottles before the pony could be stabled.

But nothing was too much trouble—no matter where they called. The pony and dog were an introduction that assured them a welcome everywhere. One innkeeper refused to take any money. And the highspot of the holiday was the Sunday morning when father gathered half the village round the pub piano—singing hymns.

Every way of journeying has its own particular advantage. One sees most from the elevation of horseback—or a bus top. But all road-users are apt to overlook that the two most ancient ways of travel are on foot and by water.

Footpaths bring the traveller into touch with Nature groomed to a man-made beauty by the farmer and his men. Many paths have had to be ploughed up in recent years, but usually local people have trodden a new "right of way" somewhere near.

For meandering magic, waterways are unbeatable. You savour it best when travelling "under your own steam." I learned more about the Thames River—its barges, locks, bathing places and beauty spots—from a week's holiday paddling a camping punt than any pleasure-boat trip could have taught me.

Two hundred years ago, the rivers and canals of Britain were the only routes for heavy transport. A friend of mine, Gerald Carr, explores these old arteries of trade in a folding canvas canoe, which packs into two easily portable bags.

Dozens of holiday canoers will be nosing through Britain's network of waterways again this summer. About twenty miles a day is a comfortable trip for them, too. Some paddle along the sea coast from beach to beach, winding among the rocks, and creeping boldly round the great headlands. They watch the weather reports carefully, and learn of currents and tides from local fishermen.

"My most noteworthy trip," says Gerald, "followed the reopening of the Thames to private craft in 1945, when I was the first canoeist to celebrate it by making the trip from Richmond to Southend—in stages, of course, working the tides.

"My son, Michael, then about two years old,

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THEY'VE GOT HOLLYWOOD WORRIED

by HUBERT COLE

FRANK LAUNDER ("I See a Dark Stranger"). Born 1907, entered film industry 1930 as reader in scenario department. Married, two children

SIDNEY GILLIAT ("Green for Danger"). Born 1908, educated London University, started his film career 1926. Married, two children

RONALD NEAME ("Great [illegible] tions"). Born 1911, educat[illegible] versity College School, star[illegible] as cameraman. Married, [illegible]

Many of the men who were studio "juniors" during the infancy of British films today lead the revived industry. They have nursed an awkward child to promising adolescence

BRITISH FILMS ARE GOING to town these days. They are going to so many towns, and taking so much money, that they have become Hollywood's biggest worry. The old patronizing idea, bred of a belief (and confirmed by a long experience) that British films could never offer serious competition to American pictures, has made way for something very close to panic.

We have recently had a flock of high-pressure boys crowding over from America on the *Queen Elizabeth* to tell us (*a*) how much Hollywood welcomes this competition, and (*b*) what a pity it is that our film critics are so wilfully anti-American.

Which leaves us wondering how (*a*) the otherwise hard-headed business men of California can be so superhumanly altruistic, and (*b*) to what sort of a dither they have been reduced if they really believe that the critics are panning Hollywood pictures because they are American and not—as is the truth—because they so often do not come within a mile of our best home-produced films.

It is a very heartening state of affairs. Yet people who remember the British film boom of the 1919-39 inter-war period are wondering a little unhappily whether this new boom will follow the path of the last.

Remember how it went then? Up like a rocket and down with a dismal splutter, leaving a sour smell of unemployment in the studios and bent balance sheets in the City.

Fifteen years ago I was an innocent in a British film studio. The Fred Karno atmosphere which seems inseparable from the business was stronger then than ever before or since. Rubber-faced, gap-toothed gag-men shouted each other down in corridor and canteen. Old-timers from the days when you made a film in a week, with the aid of a barn, a field and a couple of polished reflectors to catch the sun, were fighting a rearguard action against the strange types with Middle-European accents who got themselves contracts by such artistic devices as banging their heads against the wall and bursting into tears if not addressed as "maestro."

For it was considered very dull to engage British producers and directors for really important British films—much better to sign up temperamental gentlemen from Prague and Joinville and Neubabelsburg and even Hollywood. To one section of the film community, you were an intellectual if you could write your name and address; to another you were an alien if you could not speak basic Croat.

It was noisy and nonsensical, but very much alive. British film production, well advanced with its come-back after the lost years of the first World War, was tackling talkies and had already thrown up directors of the calibre of Victor Saville and Alfred Hitchcock. Korda, returned from Hollywood, had founded London Films and was to introduce a new note with pictures like *Henry VIII, The Ghost Goes West* and *Rembrandt*.

But it was beginning to be apparent that if you were a convincing talker you did not need the talents of Hitchcock or Saville or Korda. You got off the boat-train at Victoria and forthwith hired yourself an interpreter. You bought an option on the film rights of a well-known novel or play; you bought an option on the services of a famous actor or singer; you had lunch with the managing director of a firm of distributors; and you then hired an expensive car to take you down for a chat with a bank, an insurance company, or some other philanthropic institution.

You explained that you were going to make a super film with a famous star in a famous role and that Multi-Million Film Distributors had agreed to release it at virtually no charge at all—just a percentage. You then produced that much-thumbed set of statistics showing how M-G-M made *The Thin Man* for practically nothing and took millions of dollars at the box office with it. You came away with backing to cover the most costly sort of picture. In those expansive days it was as easy as that.

Quite a Family Affair

You then went into production, with your brother-in-law as director, your nephew as art director, your son as special technical adviser, your niece as wardrobe mistress, and yourself as producer. If you had a lot of relatives, you could think up a lot more jobs—and they were all jobs at fabulous salaries.

When the completed film was trade-shown, the smell was noticeable in the back row of the circle, but you and the family were doing very well, thank you.

It couldn't last, of course, and didn't. The sources of money dried up, technicians were thrown out of work, the few established studios continued with limited and unambitious programmes; the boom was over, and the renaissance of British films had been aborted by the get-rich-quick specialists.

But the old-timers who thought in terms of the stage and music hall, and the displaced persons who thought in terms of tip-and-run twisting, were not the only inhabitants of the studios. There was an overlooked and usually underpaid minority of young men who were intensely keen on films as films, who had been brought up in a film age, who plugged away at their jobs because they were the only jobs they had ever wanted to do.

Before my employment in the studios was brought to an end with mutual sighs of relief, I had met several of them. The first, I think, was a dark-haired, slight, hatchet-faced young man whose office I shared with the general idea that I should pick up from him the theory and practice of scenario-writing. It was entirely my fault that I never did.

I doubt if he earned much more than £500 a year, for he had the handicap of having been born in Hitchin and had entered studio employment, not on a wave of garlic and gesticulations, but as a result of a little local success with an amateur

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DAVID LEAN ("Brief Encounter"). Born 1908, educated Leighton Park School, started in films in 1927 as clapper boy. Married, one child

JOHN BOULTING ("Journey Together"). Born 1913, educated Reading School, started 1930 as office boy. Married, two children

ROY BOULTING ("Desert Victory"). Born 1913, educated Reading School, started 1933 as junior assistant director. Married, two children

CAROL REED ("Odd Man Out"). Born 1906, educated King's School, Canterbury; dialogue director 1931. Married to Diana Wynyard

dramatic society at Brighton, where he had worked as a Civil Servant.

He spent his day puffing at a fierce pipe, biting noisy chunks out of innumerable apples, and concocting improbable situations for impossible farces. He had a pleasantly unselfconscious habit of giggling himself sick at his own jokes, and was determined to make his name in the film business. The name, now made, is Frank Launder.

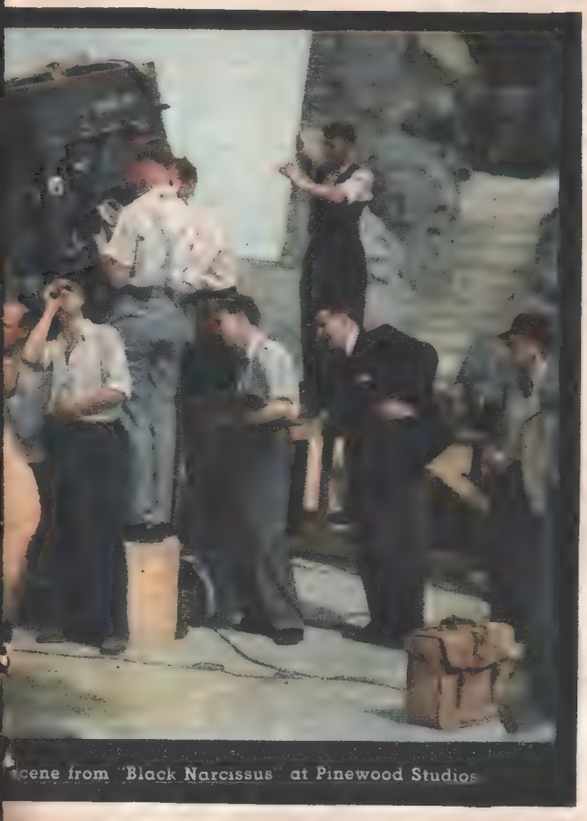
In another studio, where the most popular though preposterous pastime was trying to turn out Broadway musicals in England instead of America, was a young man who switched from being assistant director to trying his hand at writing. He was Sidney Gilliat.

Today, Launder and Gilliat write their own films, take turns in producing and directing them. Their first three have been *The Rake's Progress*, *I See a Dark Stranger* and *Green for Danger*.

Down on the studio floor, working as a camera-assistant, was a young man who was the son of a star of British silent films and a well-known photographer. He sometimes operated the second camera, more often did the donkey-work for Claude Friese-Green, the best-known British cameraman of that day. We ate our shilling lunches together at the house of one of the studio workers.

He was still, I think, less than twenty and had gone to the studios straight from school. He has stayed in them ever since, as cameraman, director and producer. His name was Ronald Neame. His present-day colleague, David Lean, was doing odd jobs in the cutting room and getting cups of tea while Neame was fiddling with camera focuses. Between them, they have in recent years photographed or produced or directed *In Which We Serve*, *This Happy Breed*, *Brief Encounter* and *Great Expectations*.

There were others whom I did not know in those days but who are leading the British film revival now: a young assistant-director and ex-actor called Carol Reed, who recently crowned a long line of fine films with *Odd Man Out*; a couple of argumentative twins at school at Reading, the Boulting brothers, who grew up to make *Thunder Rock* and *Fame is the Spur*, as well as the wartime *Journey Together* and *Desert Victory*.



cene from 'Black Narcissus' at Pinewood Studios

The Man Behind Them

There are still others of a slightly older generation, like Michael Balcon, who, all through the good years and the bad ones, has maintained a high level of quality in the pictures he has produced.

There is Anthony Asquith, a stylist whose films are rare but stimulating. There is Michael Powell, who has in recent years turned out such intriguing pictures as *49th Parallel*, *Colonel Blimp* and *Black Narcissus*.

And in a rather different but useful class is Sydney Box, who burst into the headlines on a wave of psychology-with-tears in *The Seventh Veil*.

Behind nearly all of them—the young and the not quite so young—is the Rank Organization. To the credit of Rank, whatever you may think of the "monopolistic" accusations made against him, is the fact that he does remain *behind* the individual film makers. Though his many companies may own the studio in which the film is made and the cinemas in which it will be shown, it is still as a visitor that he walks on the set.

He allows the creative workers a free hand. And he has appreciated the necessity of encouraging the Launders and Gilliats, Neames and Leans, Reeds and Boultings, since it is they who must carry most of the future burden of keeping up the boom in British pictures, increasing the quantity as well as the quality, continuing the steady advance into the cinemas of the world (and the consequent very important return of dollars).

They are young—in the thirties and early forties; they are intelligent; they have all been reared and trained in films.

They are enthusiasts and, though they make a very handsome living out of their work, one has the feeling that the work is still more important to them than the money.

To the Top the Hard Way

They have come up the hard way. They have worked on cheap pictures; silly, insignificant pictures. They have seen the folly of get-rich-quick finance.

The war years provided them with both their opportunity and their inspiration. They had to produce pictures that were true to life and true to the British character, because those were the only pictures the British public wanted to see. They had to deal in realities instead of flimsy sentimentalities. And they proved that intelligence and reality paid.

Today Hollywood is still as far from reality as it was from war. It pours more and more money into an industry that is suffering primarily from a lack of originality and sincerity. It looks our way and hopes that by some miracle our boom will fizzle out.

For my part, I do not see how it can, though in the twilit underworld of film finance all things are possible, and we may not, in the near future, find it easy to withstand the counter-attack which Hollywood will undoubtedly launch.

Shortage of such elementary things as building materials and equipment will mean that we cannot greatly increase our output of films in the immediate years to come; but the number will steadily grow and I see no reason why the quality should fall off.

There are more and more young men learning the business from the bottom, making the best of that free tuition from the Launders and others which I passed up fifteen years ago.

And it is the best tuition they could find. It comes from the very young men of the last film boom—the men who saw how the best chances can be thrown away by false finance, by stupid imitation of the styles of other countries, by underestimating the intelligence of the people who pay to see the pictures.

It cost the British Film Industry a lot to learn that lesson. But it looks now as though it has been worth it—provided our bright young men avoid swollen heads and remember that this is only the beginning of the slow climb up hill. We want no more rockets.

Continued from page 11

was a passenger for part of the trip. And with my wife we picnicked on one of the rare stretches of sand in the London section of the river at Chelsea."

There is plenty of room in folding canoes, by the way, to stow a tent, primus stove, sleeping gear.

This is important, because finding somewhere to spend the night is always the big problem on touring holidays. Camping is the most independent method. A favourite camping spot of mine was on the grass beside a little bay with red cliffs and red sand near Paignton in Devon.

I had luxurious nights elsewhere on hay. Once, teeming rain forced me to spend a miserable eight hours in a rat-infested barn, which the farmer had to lock from outside so that the wind did not blow the doors off.

Holiday explorers of Britain today are luckier; they can stay at Youth Hostels. There are more than two hundred in England and Wales alone.

A few Saturdays ago, three of us visited the Youth Hostel nearest to where we live in Essex. Along the Dunmow road we came to the white walls and thatched roofs of High Roding (one of the famous "family" of eight Roding villages). There, 200 yards down a side turning, was the curiously-named "Tarvatts."

Fine for Country Dancing

Carved on an oaken beam inside this barnlike building is the date 1746. Working parties of hostellers preserved the old-time charm of the place when they converted it. They fitted up a cosy common room with a stove, benches and tables. They levelled the floor of the high-roofed main hall so that it is fine for country dancing.

Separate dormitories for men and women at "Tarvatts" accommodate about three dozen hostellers in double-tier beds. As in all Youth Hostels, each bed has its pillow, mattress and blankets; while members bring their own regulation sheet sleeping bags.

The accommodation is amazingly cheap. A bed overnight, with hot supper and cooked breakfast, costs 4s. 6d. all in. Sometimes hostellers cook for themselves, although details of this kind vary from place to place.

But always there's a monastic simplicity and cheerfulness about it. Under the resident warden's direction, everyone helps with sweeping and washing-up before leaving in the morning. A good rule is that all must arrive by bike, foot or canoe. No cars or motor bikes allowed.

A young man from the North named John Pilkington is warden at "Tarvatts." Not long ago he answered the bell one afternoon to two unexpected but very welcome visitors — Aneurin Bevan and Jenny Lee. It was a great chance to tell about the improvements to be made at the High Roding hostel—*when* the building licence comes through.

"Fine thing if that perishing snake gets out before we reach the zoo"

The Youth Hostel Association of England and Wales was started in 1930 to help young people to enjoy the countryside. It is a non-profit concern and has grown fast. Membership today is 160,000, double what it was at the beginning of the war. There are affiliated bodies in Scotland, Northern Ireland, Eire and all over the world.

Encouragement of a new kind came last March when the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Hugh Dalton, made the Y.H.A. a present of Tregonnan House at Treyarnon Cove, North Cornwall. Accepted by the Treasury from the executors of the late owner in payment of death duties, Tregonnan House now becomes a Youth Hostel.

Many of the hostels are worth visiting for their own beauty and interest. Houghton Mill, in Huntingdonshire, is a seventeenth-century building on a delightful stretch of the Great Ouse. A water mill stood there when the Domesday Book was compiled. After dark the district rings with the song of nightingales.

Black Sail Hut appeals to tougher spirits. Once a shepherd's "bothy," it is now used by fell-walkers and climbers who want to be on the tops early in the day. It is watched over by Cumberland's towering Great Gable.

Y.H.A. members interested in agriculture go to High Halden, near Ashford, Kent. They learn about the land by helping with the work on Turks Head Farm there.

The names alone of many of the hostels suggest strange stories: "Once-Brewed," "Jerusalem Farm," "Shining Cliff" and "Robin Hood's Bay."

Hostels are crowded on Saturday nights in summer. Some are so popular that in the Lakes, North Wales, the Peak District, and parts of Devon and Cornwall, a night's shelter is sometimes hard to get.

"But in some districts," says the Y.H.A., "the hostels are rarely full except at weekends. These districts include the Roman Wall and the Cheviots, the Yorkshire Coast and Moors and the Yorkshire Dales, East Anglia, the Chiltern Hills and Surrey, Sussex and Kent, and southern Wales."

Whether or not you are a hosteller, or plan to become one, here is a signpost to holiday adventure: the places where the crowds do not go.

A young ex-soldier who has seen the Maginot and Siegfried lines should certainly visit our Roman Wall, their forerunner by hundreds of years. Some seventy miles of Emperor Hadrian's fortifications still stand. In other quiet places, some folk will seek sunshine and butterflies or flowers, some will grope into the gloomy bowels of the hills through caves and holes and underground rivers.

In Search of Cheeses

Perhaps because of food rationing, my own dearest holiday dream just now is to seek and taste, each in its native habitat, the famous cheeses of England.

Is there still Stilton at the Old Bell Inn on the Great North Road where it first became famous? Can I get Cheddar when visiting the cliffs and caverns of its Somerset birthplace? What about Yorkshire's Wensleydale? How taste the county cheeses of Lancashire and Leicester?

Do country folk still make the soft cheeses of Devon and Dorset, and the simple ones of Caerphilly and Cotswold? To my *mind* they taste delicious.

But merely to read and dream about these and other delights does not satisfy. This is the Britain we need to rediscover personally. Let us go forth, my brothers!

JOHN MAY

With my feet up ★ by Ian Fox

Traveller's Joy

THE OTHER DAY I FOUND, stuffed in my pocket among some gas bills, final notices and bits of paper bearing telephone numbers whose owners I have forgotten, a newspaper cutting about Euston railway station.

Not a very inspiring subject, you think? Ah, you just wait.

The news item quoted a leading railway official as saying that Euston is "to be made so beautiful that the passenger who sees it for the first time will wander around so entranced that there is a danger he will forget to catch his train."

Now isn't that a ray of sunshine in a dreary world? Let it cheer you during the Whitsun holiday struggle. And please spare a tear for all the homeward-bound Scotsmen who are going to be so entranced that they miss their trains on December 31 and arrive too late for Hogmanay.

I suppose that, when the transformation takes place, the traveller will arrive at Euston to find garlands of flowers twined round the gigantic columns that now flank the entrance. The frontage will be ablaze with flowering shrubs, wisteria, hanging baskets of geraniums, window boxes full of Old Man's Bedsocks and other choice blooms.

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Immediately he will be descended on by a bevy of glamorous porteresses in bathing costumes who will escort him to the chromium-plated booking hall. His ticket will bear a coloured border showing a fairy train full of rabbits, and it will be fragrantly scented with "Evening in Euston."

Persuade and cajole as he will, the passenger will not be allowed to go straight to his train. First he will have to visit the cocktail bar to drink a railway special called "Fog Signal." In a slightly foggy state, he will be taken on a conducted tour.

He will see the Gothic inquiry office, the Tudor left-luggage department, the Long Gallery hung with oil paintings of the directors, the fourteenth-century refreshment room with waitresses in medieval dress serving medieval sandwiches, the boating lake, the private zoo, the maze, and finally the waiting room, which will look like an Italian garden and have a continuous cabaret performance.

Of course, he will arrive at his destination days late. But why bother? With stations like this the company will soon have no need to run trains.

In the meantime, the railway company concerned might consider sending a cleaner with a bucket and brush, and a few pounds of paint and distemper, to the station at . . . (*you* can fill in the name as well as I can).

ON THE TRAIL OF TOMORROW (19)

LEEDS HAS A GROUSE

by GORDON BECKLES

Leeds, "journey's end" for most of our clothing coupons, has a labour shortage. And rival towns are trying to tempt away still more of her factory girls. But the rugged character of the townsmen is a tonic, says John Bull's Special Correspondent

SMOKE! There may be a grave shortage of coal on our island but this is no place for a stranger to be convinced of the fact.

This is Leeds, one of the capitals of the great area I always think of as Chimneyshire—two thousand square miles in which the genius of man has harnessed Nature to produce nearly every manufactured article under the sun. And then hidden the sun under a pall of smoke.

Chimneyshire stretches from the Mersey to Leeds—and there's a chimney always in sight.

"Have you come across Leeds yet?" asked a citizen of that city on the train.

"Yes," I said. "I came across it—in Newcastle. They told me there that they were trying to tempt some of your working girls away."

"Oh, did they?" he grunted. "It's true, too. Why, we haven't got enough workers as it is. . . ."

Women here are worth their weight in gold. The "Jobs Vacant" columns in the papers are formidable in length: "Girls wanted for textile work, five-day week, fine wages"—"Girls wanted for buckle-covering trade. No experience necessary, good wages"—"Worsted spinners propose a 5.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. shift. Highest rates."

And a sinister enticement: "Birmingham offers well-paid factory work for single women from Leeds."

Over eighty per cent of the workers in the wholesale clothing trade here are women. About 100,000 persons have in one way or another disappeared from this industry over the whole country.

I talked to one manufacturer. He said: "I put the trouble down to P.A.Y.E. Women's minds don't appreciate whatever logic there is about the system. I have heard a woman say, 'If I can't take my full packet away I'd rather not work at all.'"

Buyers Leave Empty-handed

And it is like that, they say, all over Chimneyshire, in which is concentrated so much of the world's woollen machinery, and to which people still come from all over the world to buy clothes—and go away often empty-handed, as the U.S. Army did the other day, and our own War Office, which wanted three million garments for overseas.

More labour-saving machinery? Better organization? The future is obscured for the moment by the shadow of immediate demands.

What is Leeds like today? Before the war they cut a fine road from near the centre of this city northwards towards Harrogate. Coming into Leeds from the north, you climb up until on a crest you can see the city spread out below.

The impression is not of a beautiful city—no one ever accused Leeds of being that—but of a city wrested from the rolling moors. But the road descends, and in one minute you find yourself in a street that is little better than a slum alley.

Leeds knows all about its shabby side. Some of the older generation even take pride in the ugliness and squalor, and infer that the rugged Yorkshire character was nursed and tempered in these regimented lines of sad streets; which is downright nonsense.

Tomorrow Leeds (and other cities up here) see themselves wresting more land from their beloved moors—but not for factories; for houses.

Take Leeds alone. This city of half a million, which the Government would like to be reduced, or at least not enlarged, has 24,000 applicants for houses on its books. Its biggest housing venture, at Moortown, was almost stillborn in the winter freeze-up. This Moortown extension, to house 6,000 people, is going to cover farmlands which have been held by the same families for generations.

Meantime, Leeds has appropriated ten square miles of land for a green belt. The civic centre scheme has not been approved yet, though the "Civic Hall"—the new town hall—is already built. Why is it that civic fathers so set their heart on providing themselves with a home? Is any citizen really proud of a town hall? I have not found one.

But the corporation's plans do not end with the conventional reconstruction schemes.

It is starting industrial estates on its own, trying to attract light industries to become tenants, but with one important stipulation: *only factories using smokeless fuel will be allowed.*

Now, to be fair to Leeds, it is far from being the smokiest city in Chimneyshire. But that they should make such a point of "smokeless fuel" shows that they do appreciate that industrial efficiency is not synonymous with soot.

I was told that in Leeds I would find "thousands of these so-called refugees running the factories."

This is the sort of remark that leaves me cold. Britain, for centuries past, has been periodically refreshed by the enterprise of waves of Continental refugees. And it is better that invaders should come from Europe (to settle down here) than from the U.S., which has far too big a grip on us.

What is the truth about the refugees?

"There are about forty-five firms in Yorkshire which have been started by men and women who fled from Hitler, most of them using processes not known in England before," I was told.

"In the whole of Britain there are less than two thousand refugee business men at work, which is not a formidable threat to native interests."

I agree; people with new ideas and methods should do much for the Chimneyshire of tomorrow.

But I think that Yorkshire's greatest asset in these times is the one attributed to the whole British race by the new U.S. Ambassador. It is the asset of "character"—and although the Yorkshire people are not so congenial a folk as some, there is a ruggedness and thoroughness about them that is a tonic in these uncertain days.

Symbol of the Future

By the way, when I got my ticket for the return journey I bought it from a visibly full-sized human being and not from a half-seen face in a hole in the wall.

Leeds has the country's latest railway station, and the ticket-selling office is an all-glass affair. The clerks can see you waiting; you can see them. As one who has stood in so many queues because they will not open an extra ticket window, I can but applaud this innovation. I hope it is a symbol of the Leeds of the future.

Meanwhile, so much for the Leeds of today, the Mecca of our clothing coupons, the city that intends to hold its place in the sun—with less smoke.

Next article: PLYMOUTH.

The new "Civic Hall," seat of the Lord Mayor and the municipal committees, was built some years before the war. But the "civic centre" scheme has not even been approved yet

as I was saying . . . . by Herbert Hodge

RECRUIT TO ENGLAND

I HAVE A FRIEND whom we usually call John. When he was born I suppose his parents christened him *János*—or perhaps *Jan*. But that hardly interests anyone now.

John came bursting in on me the other evening in a tremendous state of excitement. He seized me by the hand, clapped me on the shoulder, smiled all over his face, and said: "I've become an Englishman!"

I felt as delighted as he looked. It seemed ages since I'd played my own small part as one of his "references"; so the news came with a pleasant shock of surprise. But I didn't congratulate him. I said I felt England ought to be congratulated on having acquired him as a citizen.

I feel certain that John (or, if you insist, *János* or *Jan*) will be an asset to us. In fact, he's been a very productive asset for these last seven years—ever since he crossed the Continent, a step ahead of Hitler, and reached this country in the early part of the war.

John's a worker; both with his hands and his brain. We've been using his hands, mostly, in one of the heavy industries—in one of those jobs that are not very popular.

"I've just got the letter," he said, pulling it out to show me. It was written in the usual style, beginning: "The Under-Secretary of State has the pleasure to inform you . . ." and ending: "I am, sir, your obedient servant. . . ."

"Now isn't that typically English!" he said. "All that politeness to an unknown refugee."

I pointed out that he wasn't exactly unknown to the officials concerned—or not if they'd interviewed and examined his other sponsors as closely as they'd examined me. The detective who called on me was a born inquisitor. He prodded and probed me like a dentist's drill, until he'd dug out of me every last little thing I knew, or had ever thought, about John.

Even Tax Collectors—

"Ah!" said John. "But what I mean about this letter—they always write to you politely in this country. Even the tax collectors are polite. It's different on the Continent. There, the official is of a different clay. He is the boss. He represents Power. Even if he's only the village postmaster."

I suggested that perhaps it depended mainly on the individual. It had often struck me that some of our English officials were apt to be bossy—especially some of the little girls of sixteen or so in our food offices, fuel offices, and similar places.

"No, no!" said John. "It's all different in England. Here, you *feel* differently about it. *You* are the boss. The official is your servant. You pay the taxes. You pay his wages. And you never let him forget it. You make it the custom that he shall print at the bottom of his letters 'your obedient servant' and then sign his name. That's another thing. He puts his name. So you know your official letter has come from a man—a man like yourself, whom you can go and see, and talk to. It isn't a blind order from Official Power. It's a letter from a human being. . . ."

He suddenly stopped in mid-gallop. "But there," he said, "I suppose all this sounds so ordinary to you. You take it all for granted."

I agreed that we did. Perhaps we took it too much for granted. Therefore his Continental point of view was extremely interesting. I'd never thought of our Civil Service in quite that way before.

"Tell me," I suggested, "how it feels to be an Englishman. That's something I've taken for granted all my life."

"To feel one is no longer a man without a country means a great deal," he said. "But to feel an Englishman, well. . . ."

He smiled. "Think of always being able to read the English newspapers on the very day they come out. That's something, you know.

"Perhaps I'm a little different from many refugees," he went on. "I don't feel that I came here because there was nowhere else to go. I've always wanted to come here. Hitler helped me, in a way. England, for me, has always been like a Promised Land—even when I was a boy.

It Began with Biscuits

"When I was a boy, I thought of Englishmen as men who ate English biscuits; biscuits of a quality. Later, I saw the Englishmen who visited my country. I thought of them as men who wore English clothes and drove those splendid English cars, Rolls-Royces. Quality again, you see. Then, when I grew up, I got to know many Englishmen through my business. I knew them as men who led the English life, who thought and acted in the English way. Steady, quiet men; always so calm; always taking things easy—and yet, underneath, so reliable, so efficient. Quality once more, you see—quality all through. For me, it began with English biscuits, and it went on to . . . all the other things."

"You must have been an exception," I said. "What about perfidious Albion—the nation of hypocrites? All the world's newspapers, nowadays, seem to be full of stories of the wicked British."

"Propaganda," said John. "First Napoleon, then Goebbels, now any politician with an axe to grind. If you spoke to ordinary people on the Continent, you'd find most of them think about you much as I do. People look up to you. England is quality."

John speaks good English—sometimes better English, in a literary sense, than I do. He learned English at school; whereas I was more inclined to take my native language for granted, like so many other things. The result is that he occasionally uses an English word in a way that is strange to me. This word "quality," for instance.

"England is quality." It had never occurred to me to link those two words like that. But the more I thought about them so linked the better I liked them. I don't mean merely as a compliment. Said as John said them, they were so much more than a compliment. They were a simple statement of what he believed to be a fact. And what if he was right—both about this island and the way other people think of us?

If he was right, it seems to me we're a lot better off than many of us have lately thought. What's more, we of this generation have got quite an interesting and responsible job ahead of us, keeping up the quality—whether in our motor cars, our manners, or anything else we may offer the world.

All the same, I don't feel there's anything to be complacent about. If John's right, we've inherited a reputation that's going to be rather difficult to live up to.

★ ★ ★ **Herbert Hodge's Commentary is a regular feature**

TALKING POINTS ABOUT Bank Notes

EACH BANK HOLIDAY OF THE YEAR sees a temporary increase in the note circulation. The public require more money in their pockets for spending on pleasure. Banks estimate the probable requirements for each holiday, and during the preceding fortnight millions of extra notes are sent to branches throughout the country.

★ ★ ★

Notes for £1 and 10s. leave the Bank of England in parcels of 5,000, and £5 notes in bundles of 500. After the holiday most of the extra notes become surplus to requirements and are returned to the banks. The cleaner ones are reissued, the dirty ones sent on to the Bank of England for cancellation. The £1 and 10s. notes are then pulped, but the £5 notes are retained for five years in the Bank Note "Library."

★ ★ ★

£1 and 10s. notes have been in use in Britain since August, 1914. The first issues were crude efforts, hurriedly printed on stamp paper. The £1 ones were black and the 10s. ones red. They were issued by the Government—not, as the bigger ones were, by the Bank of England—and became known as Treasury Notes. In 1928 they were replaced by Bank of England notes of the same denominations. The present type of note, with its forgeproof "silver" thread, was introduced in the spring of 1940.

★ ★ ★

£1 notes had previously been issued by the Bank of England in the early nineteenth century, but none between 1826 and 1914. They were large in size, similar to today's £5 notes. These old notes continue to trickle into the Bank of England and are promptly paid—after more than a century.

★ ★ ★

Until April, 1943, the Bank of England also issued notes for £1,000, £500, £100, £50, £20 and £10. These were withdrawn in order to curb black market transactions, and today the fiver is the largest. £300 notes were issued until 1887, £200 notes until 1928. The present type of fiver, also with its "silver" thread, dates from 1945.

★ ★ ★

During the war we might have had 5s. and 2s. 6d. notes. Large supplies were printed and secretly stored at strategic points throughout the country, in case invasion should interfere with the supply of coin. These baby notes were attractive in appearance. They were about half the size of the present £1 note, the 5s. ones pale pink, the 2s. 6d. ones pale blue. But invasion never came and the notes were not used.

★ ★ ★

A bank cashier can count about 500 notes in five minutes. Brand new notes and very dirty ones take longer. Note-counting is tedious and the cashier's pace slackens with fatigue. In the Bank of England young girls can count, check for forgeries and cancel 2,500 notes an hour or 17,500 a day. The maximum penalty for forging a bank note is penal servitude for life.

★ ★ ★

As a measure of economy in both paper and labour, bank notes now remain longer in circulation than in prewar days. In 1939 the 10s. note had an average life of four months and the £1 note one of about six months. Today, however, they remain in circulation for about ten months and nineteen and a half months respectively.

★ ★ ★

There are more notes in circulation than are really necessary, as many people still keep large sums in their homes instead of paying them into a bank. The chimney and the kettle are two favourite hiding places for these home hoards. Sometimes, a fire is lit, or the kettle filled, and the notes become a mass of ashes or pulp. The Bank of England, however, will examine the remains and refund the value of all identifiable fragments. During the war the Bank once received a bundle of ashes and a claim for £300. After examination, the Bank paid £1,300.

"How long will we have to stay up here?" asked the director. "Until the tiger goes away," came the whispered response

UP THE TREE

by GEORGE IRELAND

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

Pillai's carefully-hatched plot was good, and it certainly worked. But he had not counted on a real tiger

PILLAI PUT DOWN his spoon irritably. "What is it now?"

"It is Arakan," came the placid voice from the veranda. "The clerk wants to see you in the office. It is urgent."

Pillai glanced resignedly at his plateful of prawn curry, heaved a deep sigh, then rose and left the bungalow.

He found Mr. Iyer, the clerk, staring gloomily into space.

"You look angry," Iyer said in a pained voice as he turned a pair of troubled eyes on Pillai.

"I am not angry. I have the pips."

"The pips?"

"Yes. This morning I walked all over the estate with the Tuan director, and my feet are sore. Further, when I asked the manager for an advance he told me to go and boil myself. Then, when I was just going to eat, you send for me. Consequently I have the pips."

Iyer gave a little cough. "The Tuan director wants a message sent to the manager of Sungei Lalang to say he will be visiting the estate this afternoon."

Pillai looked scornful. "Did you make me walk all this way to tell me that?"

"The Tuan director also wants the pony to be saddled; he will ride it to go to Sungei Lalang."

Pillai exploded at that.

"Does the Tuan director know that the pony does not like people to ride him? Does the Tuan director know that his neck might be broken by riding the pony?"

"I heard the manager tell him that it is dangerous to ride the pony," Iyer agreed quietly.

Then, lowering his voice, he offered: "I think the manager would be quite glad if the Tuan director broke his neck. He has made much trouble during his visit; it will be a very good thing when he goes back to England."

"When will that be?"

"He starts for Singapore tomorrow."

"That will be a good thing," Pillai remarked.

"That will be the end," Iyer corrected.

"The end of what?"

Mr. Iyer sat up. "The end of everything," he declared dramatically.

"Mr. Pillai, I am going to tell you a terrible thing! This morning I heard the Tuan director say to the manager that when he got back to England he would recommend that the Indian labour on this estate should be replaced with Chinese."

"With Chinese?" Pillai gasped.

Iyer nodded his head dolefully. "He told the manager that Chinese coolies would get more rubber out of the trees. Mr. Pillai," he added gravely, "it means that I will get the sack, that *you* will get the sack; that all the Indians will get the

sack; it is the end of everything!"

"What did the manager say?" asked Pillai after a stunned pause.

"The manager told him that it was all nonsense. Then they both said high words, and when they left their faces were red and their eyes were shooting sparks."

"When are the Chinese coming?" inquired Pillai in a small voice.

"After the Tuan directors have sat on the boards."

"The boards?" queried Pillai, round-eyed.

"Yes. That is what they do in England when they decide what other people are to do."

Pillai stroked his moustache for a moment and said: "I will go and see about the pony, Mr. Iyer."

"Do not forget about the message to Sungei Lalang," the clerk reminded him.

At five o'clock, Pillai led the pony under the porch of the manager's bungalow and stood aside as Mr. Brill-Mander, the director, readjusted the saddle to his satisfaction and mounted. The pony, who had been standing quietly with his head between his forelegs, shivered as if galvanized; then, after bucking two or three times, whirled round as on a pivot and clattered down the path.

Pillai watched open-mouthed for a moment, then, after pulling himself together, started to walk back to his bungalow.

About an hour and a half later, Marimuthoo, Pillai's water carrier, ran up the verandah steps. "Tuan," he cried, "the pony is outside his stable; he has come back alone!"

Pillai stepped quickly into the living-room. "Something has happened to the Tuan director, Maria. I am going to look for him."

Mrs. Pillai put her sewing down. "What has happened to him?" she asked breathlessly.

Pillai shrugged his shoulders. "The pony has come back alone."

ALTHOUGH he walked rapidly it was already getting dark when Pillai met Brill-Mander on the narrow path that ran between the estate and the river.

"What's blown you here?" snapped the director.

"Tuan, I was told that the pony had come back without you. Consequently, I was afraid something terrible had happened; so I came."

"Pony do you call it? I call it a bag of dynamite; the blasted thing tried to scrape me off on every tree we passed. But I stuck on him," Brill-Mander finished on a note of self-satisfaction.

"He came back without you, Tuan," Pillai persisted quietly.

"That's because the fool of a man who was supposed to hold him while I was on Sungei Lalang let him go. He said that the pony kicked him or bit him or something. Don't keep me here talking. The manager will be waiting for me for dinner."

Pillai led the way and after a hundred yards or so stopped dead in his tracks as a low growl was heard from the thicket.

"Tiger!" he whispered in terror. "We must turn back. Walk quietly, Tuan!"

Another growl came, this time abreast of them and closer.

"What do we do now?" asked the director uneasily.

Pillai waited a moment before answering, then, hearing another growl from the same direction, he stepped close to the director: "We must climb up a tree, Tuan. The tiger is very near."

They shinned up the nearest tree.

"How long do you think we'll have to stay up here?" whispered the director, as he wriggled insecurely on his branch.

"Until the tiger goes away, Tuan," came the whispered response.

"I know that; but *when* will he go away?"

"I cannot tell, Tuan. If he is a man-eater he will stay a long time. Perhaps he will not go away."

"Tch! He won't wait long," the director remarked with conviction.

"No, Tuan?" Pillai said doubtfully. "When the manager hears about the pony being back he will send some coolies to search for me."

"The manager will not know that the pony came back without you, Tuan, because Marimuthoo is the only one who knows and he has gone away."

It was now very dark, and from time to time the quiet of the jungle was broken by deep, impatient growls.

"I am being eaten alive by mosquitoes!" complained the director, breaking a tense silence.

"They are bad mosquitoes in this part, Tuan, they are the kind who give the bad malaria; it goes to the head and ends in the madness."

"Cheerful, Mr. Pillai, aren't you?"

"I have nothing to be cheerful about, Tuan. I am very sad inside my heart; I do not care if the tiger eats me!"

"What the devil do you mean?"

PILLAI's voice was plaintive as he explained: "The Chinese coolies are coming, Tuan, and I have lost my job."

"Who told you they were coming?"

"All the coolies know about it. That is why I have not made the tiger go away. If I did the coolies would be angry with me; they are very ignorant people, and when they hear what has happened they will think that the spirits sent the tiger after you because you want the Chinese to come."

"Did you say that you could make the tiger run away, Mr. Pillai?" asked the director after a long pause.

"Tuan, I could make a certain noise and he would be frightened."

"Mr. Pillai," the director ventured after another silence, "if I told you that the Chinese are not coming would you make the noise?"

"I would, Tuan."

"Well, jolly well make it now! I'm tired of being perched up here like a canary, and I feel a cramp coming."

From Pillai's lips came a prolonged hiss like that of cobra about to strike.

A dead silence followed, then the noise of something rushing madly through the bracken.

A little later on Pillai said quietly: "We can get down, Tuan, the tiger has gone."

When Pillai got home he found his wife had left a note to say that she had gone to visit her sister and brother-in-law and she might sleep the night there. He could come on if he wished.

Pillai grinned. He did not wish. It would be pleasant to have a quiet night for once in a while.

When, the next morning, Pillai went to the office for orders, Mr. Iyer was all smiles.

"Mr. Pillai," exclaimed the clerk, "we are not going to get the sack. The Tuan director has told the manager that he has altered his mind about the Chinese. I also heard what he said about you frightening the tiger away. You are to get a present of fifty dollars out of estate money."

IYER fixed Pillai with his eyes for several seconds and added: "You are a clever man, Mr. Pillai, anything you like to tell me will be treated in strict confidence."

"It was very simple," Pillai explained with an air of nonchalance. "After we had been up the tree for some time, I told the Tuan director that if I made a certain noise the tiger would run away. The Tuan director told me to make the noise, and I did so. What about those fifty dollars?"

Back in his bungalow, Pillai waved the notes in front of the astonished Mrs. Pillai. "Fifty dollars!"

"How did you get them?" she asked as she stretched out her hand.

"A present from the Tuan director," he explained, holding on to the notes. "But it is not all ours. I must give one dollar to the coolie on Sungei Lalang. He wanted two dollars to let the pony loose but that is too much. Then there is five dollars for Marimuthoo!"

"Marimuthoo?"

Pillai nodded. "I told him to make horrible noise in the jungle like a tiger, while I was up the tree with the Tuan director. Consequently, he gets the five dollars I promised him."

"Did you say Marimuthoo made noises like a tiger?"

Pillai looked at her sharply.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Pillai, "you are a fool. Marimuthoo has been drunk since early last evening, I have heard, and cannot have been anywhere near the jungle. And this morning I also heard that my brother-in-law's white goat was carried off by a tiger last night. Hasn't that fool Iyer told you about the Tuan director following the blood trail?"

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

Everyday Heroes

COURAGE is an attribute that all men admire and all wish to possess: and I think it says volumes for the fundamental nobility of human nature that in times of crisis, local or national, there's always abundant evidence of real courage.

In times of war it far exceeds the evil of the thing itself. Men give their lives freely to save others.

During the storms and floods this winter numberless acts of real courage were performed in loneliness and darkness. Men who fight fire and water when these elements get out of hand display their courage to the world.

But there is another sort of courage, a non-spectacular kind that gets little or no recognition. It is the courage, the real grit, that keeps ordinary men and women facing up to the dull round of duty patiently, uncomplainingly, day after day: always at the post of duty; always on time; always working—even though strength and spirit may be weak—so that those in the background, dependants even more helpless, shall not suffer or go without necessities.

To be tied to a daily treadmill of monotony, to fight each day the temptation to become dispirited and give up—and to win that fight—is an achievement that can often only be described by the word "heroism."

It involves conquering a sort of spiritual cowardice that is inherent in all of us and is always ready to get the upper hand.

* * *

So wherever you are and whatever you are doing, don't belittle yourself or your efforts. You may be the only person in the world who knows just how hard the fight is.

You may be the only person who knows at what cost victory is achieved.

"By trying, the Greeks took Troy"—and by trying, a man can always reach the moral stature that is his birthright.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

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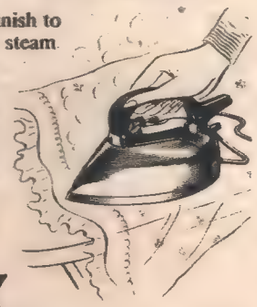

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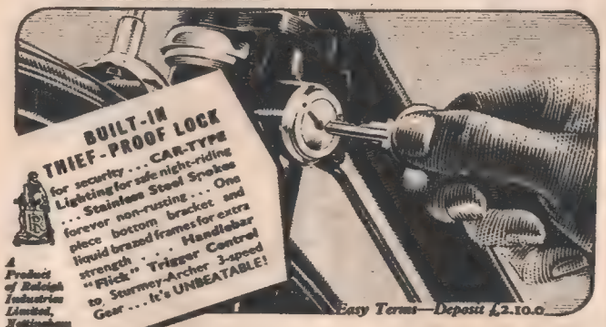
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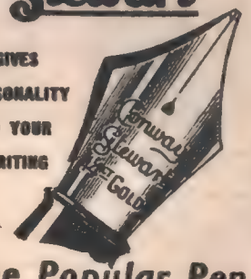

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FREE SPEECH

DISARM AS AN EXAMPLE

NO NATION really wants war, yet mankind seems to be heading straight towards it. Many people are already forgetting the horrible lesson of the last one—or rather, they never learnt it.

Russia, treated like an outcast between the two wars, has a complex that all the world is against her. America, it seems, is suffering from an equally unjustified "Communist complex."

Only a really great gesture can break this deadlock and prevent catastrophe. Britain, by making such a gesture, can prove her real greatness.

I refer to disarmament—complete, unilateral disarmament.

That would convince Russia that we, at any rate, were not plotting against her. And it would convince the U.S.A. that if they really plan a "preventive war" against the U.S.S.R. they will have to fight it themselves without our help.

I know the arguments against this proposal. I will be told that it would be a gamble—but another war would be *certain* disaster; that it would be childish idealism—but may that not prove wiser than the adult reality of atomic warfare?

And, by disarming, do we really stand to risk so much? Is it not obvious that another war, fought with modern weapons, would mean the end of a densely populated country like Britain, whatever its outcome?—R. Fox, 25 Inglewood Road, London, N.W.6.

Bricks: Squandering Them...

ONE READS so often of the shortage of building materials that I think this will surprise some of your readers:

The local authority has erected about twenty prefabs in a field by the side of the main road. In front of the prefabs have been built six houses in blocks of two, spaced fairly wide apart.

So that the prefabs cannot be seen from the road a solid brick wall has been built between each of the blocks of houses. It took 3,500 bricks to build one wall. Please do not print my name and address—I work on the site.—M. A., Somerset.

...Searching for Them

I AM A PRIVATE BUILDER, and like many other builders, have experienced the shortage of materials.

Seven miles from my home there is a large brickworks, producing millions of bricks a week. I applied to that works for some and was told I needed a priority licence.

Twenty-eight miles from here there is a second brickworks and so I forwarded my application there. Within a few days I received the bricks without any licence whatsoever.—M. ROBERTS, Glamorganshire. (Name and address enclosed.)

Agnostic Answered

REPLYING TO WALTER LONGSHAW, who put an agnostic's view (JOHN BULL, May 3), may I ask whether conditions are happier today in pagan England than when the Christ of the Bible was enthroned among the masses?

Mr. Longshaw writes of religion "habitually ranging itself on the side of the wealthy and powerful." I have spent twenty-three happy years preaching the Gospel to the poor in India, and am certainly not wealthy or powerful.

Organized religion never was much use, but the Christ of the Bible satisfies the deepest longings of the human heart.—S. E. MAY, 352 Fishponds Road, Bristol, 5. (Guinea to "Assemblies of God Missionary Society," as requested.)

Two Hours On, One Off

THE WIRELESS PROGRAMMES move like a conveyer belt from early morning to midnight. I, for one, would welcome a change whereby, say, two hours' entertainment was followed by an hour's

"...other jobs to do"

silence. This would lead to more selective listening and offer less temptation to waste time with the wireless when there are other jobs to do (including the children's homework).—R. T. HART, Woodhall Towers, Pinner, Middlesex.

Men? They're Just Kids

AS A WOMAN with a job I have worked side by side with a great many men during the war years and since. And I must say I do not know what has happened to them.

There was a time when men were really manly.

My father was master in his own house, and he and my brothers used to reason things out in a dignified way.

Nowadays, men seem to behave like children—at home and at work. They must be pampered and given way to. If they do not get what they want they strike.

Women alone have kept a sense of loyalty. You do not find them walking out on a job.—A. MOORE, 6 Osborne Buildings, Cato Street, London, W.1.

Boy campers follow Dr. Joad's leisure-formula—make it for yourself. A reader thinks Joad's article was unfair

Who's who in this line-up anyway? Readers disagree on the question: "Could you identify *your* newly born infant?"

Jibe at Joad

AS AN EDUCATIONALIST I was incensed by Dr. Joad's article "Learning to Enjoy Leisure" (JOHN BULL, May 3). A large part of education is devoted to leisure.

Are we to believe that our teachers everywhere are falling down on their job? Or is it a fact that Joad—as he often seems to do—has made another sweeping generalization?

Most of us are doing our best to make life worth living for those who will follow us. At least give us credit for a brave try.—F. WARBURTON, 9 St. Aubyn's Road, Eastbourne, Sussex.

*** In his article, Dr. Joad declared: "At present we think of amusement as something for which we pay; that is to say, we pay somebody else to do for us the entertaining that we cannot do for ourselves." All the evidence, he said, showed that "as a nation we know comparatively little of the art of living."—EDITOR.

Of all the Cheek!

HOW ABOUT this for nerve?

After standing for hours to see a sports event at Newcastle, I was astounded to observe a woman walk calmly to the front of the queue of about two thousand and demand a ticket on the strength of a green ration book.—J. MADDISON, 27 Broom Green, Whickham, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Newly-borns: Hard to Tell...

A READER WONDERS whether mothers can really pick out their newly born babies (JOHN BULL, May 3).

I have two children and could not possibly have recognized them if they had been mixed up with other babies soon after they were born. But I have found I can spot family resemblances in the babies of friends and relations.—C. E. LAWRENCE, Mumor Hatch, Stovolds Hill, Dunsfold Drome, Godalming.

...Could Pick Her Out from Fifty

MY YOUNGEST DAUGHTER was so much like her father when born that it would have been impossible not to have known our baby, even if she had been among fifty others.—M. COLMAN, 4 Maylands Grove, Barrow-in-Furness.

...Picked Him Out from Thirty

VISITING MY WIFE in the maternity home only twenty-four hours after our son was born, I found no difficulty in picking him out from thirty infants. He was the image of my wife's brother when the latter was a child.—T. DAWSON, 134 Kingsway, Luton, Beds.

Anti-Semitism in Britain

DENNIS BARDENS SAYS anti-Jewish feeling is on the increase in Britain (JOHN BULL, April 26). If this is so, the only people to blame are the Jews themselves.

Can you expect the parents and friends of lads exposed to the treacherous attacks of Jewish assassins in Palestine to display any great love of the race to which the assassins belong? There must be many wealthy Jews behind that campaign.

And in this country published details disclose a large proportion of Jewish names among those responsible for black market deals and illegal currency transactions.—C. G. ANSELL, Stony Orchard, Belvedere, Kent.

Does Honesty Pay?

A WORKING MAN averages £250 to £350 a year. The gunman or black marketeer may pull off a job involving £10,000 or more. If the crook is caught he reckons on getting a prison sentence of about five years.

Now £10,000 for five years is £2,000 a year—which compares pretty well with the income of the man who works for a living.

It is up to the courts to change this idiotic state of affairs.—H. JACKSON, 196 Harden Road, Bloxwich, Walsall.

★ LETTERS *intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

JOHN BULL QUIZ

SPORTSMEN

(1) Which is Lord Templewood's favourite winter sport? (2) In which fields of activity were Walter Hagen, Lord Burghley, Fred Archer, Ranjitsinhji famous? (3) One Indian racehorse owner has recently been taking the limelight from another; names? (4) Which *Itma* star competed in this year's women's snooker championship? (5) Who are the champion British heavyweight boxer; 880-yards runner?

THEORIES

(1) What is the main point of the Malthusian theory? (2) What is the theory of reincarnation? (3) Did Darwin say humans are descended from monkeys? (4) Whose is the theory of relativity? (5) With what does the Mendelian theory deal?

HYMNS

(1) The founder of the Methodist Church had a brother who wrote 6,500 hymns; what was the brother's name? (2) What is the usual name of "the green hill far away"? (3) What is the meaning of "Hallelujah"? (4) "Adeste Fideles" is more usually sung in translation; under what name? (5) Which hymn did Henry Francis Lyte compose as he was dying?

MYTHICAL LANDS

(1) Whereabouts was Atlantis supposed to have been? (2) Gulliver went to Lilliput, Brobdingnag, Laputa and the land of the Houyhnhnms; what sort of creatures did he find in each? (3) What was the name of the never-never land in *Lost Horizon*? (4) Who wrote *Erewhon*, and what did they do with sick people in that country? (5) What does the word "utopia" mean literally?

ANIMALS

(1) Why is a zebra striped? (2) What is the function of whalebone in a whale? (3) Which creature lays eggs, suckles its young, burrows and has webbed feet? (4) Why do hunters try to bring back the civet cat alive? (5) Which of these pairs are close relations: beetle and spider, hedgehog and porcupine, rat and rabbit?

(*Answers on page 22*)

Who's Next for Switzerland?

SWITZERLAND and Mr. A. B. Grundy are soon to meet. Thanks to entering a few simple words on a *Bullets* coupon, this £300 winner will soon be setting out with his wife from 100 Cleveleys Avenue, Cleveleys, for a free holiday in lovely Lucerne.

You can be next for Switzerland—see that you enter your coupon below for this week's fine offer of prizes value over £750!

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated June 21, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

"BULLETS" 1,576 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £600 plus Swiss Holiday: G. Mulholland, 164 Portsmouth Road, Lee-on-Solent:
What Government's Looking For To, And After—Workers.

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Seaside Holiday: D. R. Mackay, White Tower, Combe Lane, Yeovil: **Tons Of Coal—"Falling," Then Britain's "Trapped."**

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: F. Senior, 19 Withnell Road, Manchester 19: **The Easy Way—Forswear For Sweat!**

FIVE PRIZES of £10 plus Seaside Holiday: F. J. Baylis, 6 Broome Manor Lane, Swindon: **What Accident's Looking For—Somewhere To Happen—Look!** W. Colville, 12A Albany Street, Dunfermline: **A Little Late—The Favourite—The Rent!** H. F. Burton, 13 Whitehall Tce., Lincoln: **Britannia's Family—"Big" As It's Large.** A. E. Jones, 18 Sherwood Road, Great Crosby: **A Little Late—Daily—That's Absenteeism, Too!** A. S. Swannell, 5 Greenway Close, N.W.9: **What We're Looking For—Some Rose-tinted *Binoculars*!**

FIVE PRIZES of £5 each: Mech. R. F. Read, R.N., 4 Northney Road, North Hayling: **Disappointed Grandpa—Sonny's Punishment—Comics Stopped!** J. Burns, 14 Booth Place, Eaton Bray, Dunstable: **If He Had A House—Somewhere To Pace Floor!** Mrs. F. M. Gibson, 33 Yearsley Grove, York: **What Dad's Looking For—Mother Smoked This Morning!** J. Moss, 3 Kerry Cres., Calne: **Had Everything — Three Times, Official's Youngster!** H. Newbold, 18 Chantry Place, Sheffield: **Going To It—Tendril, Up Dad's Spade!**

Holidays arranged by Cook's. Cheques, 20 Whitsun Hampers, 30 Season Tickets and 1,500 other Awards have been dispatched.

How to make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

PRIZES value over **£750**

FIRST PRIZE £300 and 10-day **SWISS HOLIDAY FOR TWO**

£50—£25 3 of £10 5 cash prizes above, each plus **SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO**

6 HOLIDAY CHEQUES **£5**

50 SEASON TICKETS

1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

WONDERFUL BRITAIN
FOREMAN MORRISON
WE'RE UP AGAINST IT, SO
DISTURBING THE PEACE
FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE
NEW LIFE
TO BEAT THE CRIMINAL
GOES ON AND ON
THAT LITTLE EXTRA
TAUGHT US SOMETHING
STRIKES
NOT A MAN
HER HOLIDAY
IN THE DEPTHS
UPSET THE LANDLADY
UNFORGIVABLE SIN
NOBODY'S BUSINESS
LANDGIRL AUNTIE
TAKEN IN
SOFT SPOT

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions.

THE NEXT.....
STARTING TO.....
NEARLY.....ME
.....STRENGTH
SQUEEZED INTO.....
STOP THE.....AND

HOLIDAY TOURS with CROSSWORD CASH!

See Devon and Cornwall on an 850-mile luxury Coach Tour for Two. That fine Holiday prize goes with each cheque for £25 or over in this week's £100 Cash Crossword—awards value £25 amongst Runners-up.

Post your Square below by Monday, June 2.

£100 and HOLIDAY TOUR WON

XWORD 528

WINNING WORDS.
ACROSS: 1, Fact. 3, Wood. 5, Footing. 8, Screw. 10, Beat. 12, Fall. 13, Boss.
DOWN: 2, Topics. 3, Winger. 4, Bale. 6, Pasted. 7, Fun. 9, Wards. 10, Bay. 11, Tail or Toil.

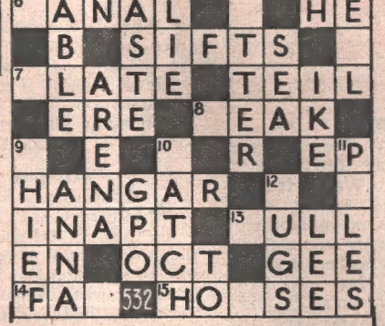
£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: G. Beaumont, Broomfield, Longwood, Huddersfield. In addition, winner awarded 850-mile Coach Tour. Runners-up award (value £25) shared between 21 entrants.

Across Clues — **Xword 532**

3. Carries people away
6. Describes something you wouldn't expect writer of songs to wax lyrical about
7. Manager of public-house has sometimes too much on
8. Likely to sit on fence
13. Ambitious and unscrupulous fellow will make use of
14. It's natural for one to puff
15. A spur of some kind speeds progress of these

Down Clues

1. Is sometimes very deceptive
2. Can be cut down in all offices
4. Is occasionally nothing but rubbish
5. Can add a lot to value of garden
9. Police often develop real respect for
10. This should go at the correct speed
11. Much depends on the way they shape up
12. Many housewives don't go in much for these



HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Not more than one prize per Contest to any one entrant. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated June 14, for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

I enclose 6d. P.O. — Closing Postmark, MON., JUNE 2

No.....

532

Signed.....

Address.....

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ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,580 (or XWORD 532); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin and Gazette* dated June 14 offering Cash and HOLIDAY PRIZES

393

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

Closing Postmark, **1,580** MON., JUNE 2

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

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WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Minor's Marriage

"MY FIANCEE AND I want to marry but she is only nineteen and her father refuses to give his consent. She has not been living in her father's home for over three years. Can't she marry without his consent? If not, what do you advise?"

▸▸ If your fiancee's father refuses to give consent to the marriage she can apply to the magistrate for his consent. The father would be asked to attend court to explain the reasons for his refusal.

Holiday Allowance

"PEOPLE WHO GO ABROAD for holidays are allowed to take £75 for spending, but I am not allowed to send £9 to Canada as a wedding present for my nephew! Can you say why this is so?"

▸▸ The reason for refusing your request for dollars is because it is for a purpose not covered by the currency regulations. The allowance made to holidaymakers is for personal expenses.

Compulsory Schooling

"MY SON TAKES no interest in school and is very backward in all subjects. Can you tell me what steps to take so that he can leave at the age of fourteen? My husband is a working man and cannot afford to let the boy remain at school, where he is wasting his time."

▸▸ It is now compulsory for the boy to remain at school until he is fifteen. There are no steps you can take to release him earlier.

Neighbour's Fowls

"AS I HAVE TROUBLE with my neighbour's fowls, which are allowed to wander about anywhere. I have warned him about not keeping them under control, but he does nothing about it. Would it be wrong for me to shoot them?"

▸▸ Your neighbour would be liable for damage done by his neglect to pen his fowls, but if you destroy them you would be liable. Your correct procedure would be to impound the birds and hold them until you are repaid for any damage they have done, and you could claim for their keep while impounded.

Rent Increases

"FOR SOME YEARS I have been living in a house where the sanitary arrangements were primitive. A proper drain has now been put in at the landlord's expense. Has he the legal right to raise the rent and, if so, by how much?"

▸▸ The landlord may add eight per cent of the cost of the improvements to the annual rent of the house.

Husband's Liability

"I HAVE BEEN SEPARATED from my wife for thirty-six years, during which time she has been living with another man. On her death, a few weeks ago, her grandson made all the funeral arrangements without consulting me, and has now sent the bill. Am I liable to pay this?"

▸▸ You do not appear to have any obligation to pay the bill. That would lie with the person who gave the order.

Maternity Claim

"FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS I have stamped my Health Insurance cards and, not being a member of an approved society, I retained them. I have now been accepted as a fully qualified member of an approved society. Can I claim maternity benefit for my children born in 1943, 1944 and 1945?"

▸▸ Claims for maternity benefit must be made within six months of the date of the child's birth, and consequently you cannot now claim for the three you mention in your letter.

Workmen's Compensation

"THREE MONTHS AGO I met with an accident at work and lost part of my middle finger. I am getting £2 a week Workmen's Compensation. Can I make a claim for disfigurement?"

▸▸ No. Apart from your claim to weekly compensation you have no further claim against your employer.

Party Fence

"I HAVE PURCHASED a plot of building land which is unfenced on one side, and the owner of the adjoining plot wants me to share in the cost of erecting a party fence. But I have been told that the responsibility for a fence is borne by one person only. Is this so?"

▸▸ A party fence is owned by both parties, and each should share in the cost of its erection. You should have something in writing to show that it is a party fence. If it is not a party fence it will belong to the person on whose land the posts are fixed.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 21

SPORTSMEN. (1) Skating. (2) Golf, athletics, horse racing, cricket. (3) The Gaekwar of Baroda from the Aga Khan. (4) Lind Joyce. (5) Bruce Woodcock, Sydney Wooderson.

THEORIES. (1) That population increases more rapidly than the means of subsistence. (2) That the soul, after death, lives again in another body. (3) No, only that both have the same root. (4) Albert Einstein's. (5) Inherited characteristics.

HYMNS. (1) Charles Wesley. (2) Calvary, (3) "Praise ye Jehovah." (4) "Come, all ye faithful." (5) "Abide with Me."

MYTHICAL LANDS. (1) In the Atlantic Ocean. (2) Little people in Lilliput, big ones in Brobdingnag, quack scientists in Laputa, and horses in Houyhnhnms' land. (3) Shangri-La. (4) Samuel Butler; put them in jail. (5) Nowhere (from the Greek).

ANIMALS. (1) So that it cannot easily be seen against its natural background. (2) It sieves his food. (3) Duck-billed platypus (Australian duck-mole). (4) Because its value lies in the perfume which is scraped from its stomach pouch every few days. (5) Rat and rabbit—the others merely look similar.

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Deliveries of our new 1947 models now arriving! Priority waiting list in operation at each of our 80 branches. Get your Priority Certificate at our nearest branch.★

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All Valves replaced completely FREE!
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Not a face cream **Not** a lotion
Not an ointment

Chemists have made a new discovery—a new kind of skin balm called Valderma. It gives quick results in healing of spots, pimples, rashes, Eczema, boils and other skin troubles. Skin Specialists now recommend it. White, creamy, non-greasy, pleasant to use. Only Valderma contains the wonder antiseptic POLYCIDIN which makes it deadly to germs that cause most skin infections.

Try Valderma to-day for your skin trouble. It soothes and heals quickly. Poisons filter away. Skin becomes clear and healthy often in only a few days.

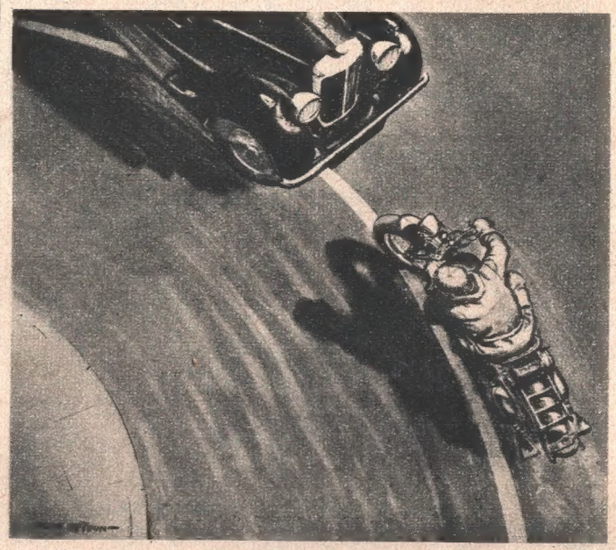
DOUBLE-ANTISEPTIC

Valderma

THE *Non-Greasy* BALM

(137K)

TRUE STORIES (*taken from road accident records*) **No. 3**



TWO OF A KIND

This head-on smash had fatal results. Both parties were in the wrong, of course — Paragraph 22 of the Highway Code says "Keep well to the left unless you are about to overtake or turn right".

All the rules of the road are set down, as plain as a pikestaff, in the Highway Code. We must all, motorists, cyclists, pedestrians, make the Highway Code a part of our lives. If people continue to break the Highway Code, then the big toll of more than 160,000 yearly accidents will also continue. When we all follow the Highway Code, then we shall see a big improvement.

KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROAD

LEARN THE HIGHWAY CODE

42 *Issued by the Ministry of Transport*

Brian is *always* lively

His energy and spirits are amazing. Simply bubbling over with life. Keeps you "on the go."

But you would rather have him that way than peevish, cross and poorly! Mother certainly knows best when she gives an ailing child 'California Syrup of Figs.' When bilious, sick or constipated, this natural laxative quickly corrects upsets of the system, and the little one is soon "as right as ninepence."

'California Syrup of Figs'

Bird Hints

BUDGIES have NO TEETH

BUDGERIGARS have no teeth and therefore require grit, in quite considerable quantities, in order to digest their food. Caperns Budgerigar Grit should therefore be given regularly. Budgerigars enjoy green food such as watercress, lettuce, dandelion leaf and chickweed. These should always be given in a fresh, dry condition. Make sure that food is perfectly clean, and, for safety, give CAPERNS BUDGERIGAR SEED.

Caperns

BIRD SEEDS AND FOODS

in packets Sealed against dust

11310 C

Jottings from a Housewife's Diary

"Shopping would be such a trial but for Jean's willing help and my Co-operative Society's excellent service. Our choice is for C.W.S. products every time—for better quality, service, and dividends. It's common-sense really, the C.W.S. manufactures solely for Co-operative Societies, who also participate in C.W.S. profits."

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GN 1624 B

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Indigestion often comes from a nervous system starved of Vitamin B. There is only one way to remedy it. Increase the Vitamin B content of your food.

The simplest way is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. It is simply *pure LIVE Yeast* in palatable form. And live Yeast is the **richest natural source of all the B vitamins.** You will be amazed at the result. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way. But be sure you ask for Phillips Tonic Yeast—the *real live* Vitamin Yeast.

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NOSTROLINE

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THIS QUICK AND WONDERFUL WAY

Tackle it straight away with Beecham's Powders. Many people who suffer from this painful and troublesome disorder say they are marvellous! Being quickly absorbed they are speedy in action and in a very short time bring wonderful relief with full freedom of action. Beecham's Powders are equally wonderful for HEADACHES, COLDS and CHILLS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATIC PAINS.

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Sally Gray

agrees

"No other shampoo leaves your hair so glamorous yet so easy to manage"

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Film people who see Sally Gray on the set often comment on the shimmer and the radiant sparkle of her hair. "Drene Shampoo is the secret," she'll tell you, "it brings out hidden highlights and makes my hair look so glamorous!" Like so many stars of Stage and Screen you, too, will find Drene makes your hair look more glamorous than ever before and leaves it so easy to set right after the shampoo.

Buy the larger sizes and save money. Ask your chemist or hairdresser to-day.

At play . . .

Smart or casual, dressy or gay, film-star or model, a dazzling hair-do will set the seal on the appearance. "And the best way to keep my hair looking attractive," says this charming cover-girl, "is with Drene Shampoo." She knows Drene leaves no trace of unsightly, unhealthy dandruff and makes your hair *look* and *feel* so clean!

At ease . . .

The lovely international model shown here may have to change her hair style three times a day. From costume to costume—from studio to studio—from work to play, her life, like a film-star's, is just one long rush. "I always shampoo my hair with Drene," she says, "because it's so quick and simple to use!" How wise she is! For Drene leaves your hair so easy to set right after the shampoo!

Drene

THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS

TESTED JB